McKean County Miner.

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FOUR SMALL FIRES DO VERY LITTLE DAMAGE.

Prompt Work Saves Great Deal of Damage.

TOTAL DAMAGE NOT OVER $200.

Saturday Evening Brad Iddings House Was Damaged — Tuesday Evening Fire is Found in Joseph Mundy's House — The Smethport Chemical Factotry and the Old Taylor House on Main Street.

Since last Saturday Smethport has been visited by four small fires, but fortunately all were extinguished before much of any damage was done and the combined loss will not amount to over $200.

At about 7:30 Saturday evening the home of Brad Iddings on West Main street was found to be on fire and an alarm turned in. However before the Fire Department could make the long run a bucket brigade composed of neighbors, had the flames under control. The fire started in the attic and was first discovered in an old bed tick that had been lying there for some time. No one knows how the fire started but Mr. Iddings is of the opinion that rats had carried matches into the tick and in some way they became ignited.

The Fire Department had all its fire fighting apparatus on the ground but did not have to use it, as the fire was out before the connections were made. Mr. Iddings places his loss at about $100, mostly due to water and damaged plaster on the rooms below.

Tuesday evening shortly after six o'clock the fire alarm sounded, and the high winds made it look extremely bad for a fire. It was reported that Joseph Mundy's house on Marvin street was on fire. R. E. Burdick and Guy McCoy made a record breaking run in the former's automobile with the chemical apparatus, but the fire proved to be only the burning out of a chimney and again the services of the Fire Department were not needed.

While the fire-fighters were on their way to the Mundy home a small fire was discovered in the sawdust used to bank up in the rear of the old Taylor house and now owned by C. Herzog and occupied by Nahara & Thomas of the Greek fruit and candy store. This fire was promptly put out before any damage was done.

Later in the evening the blowing of the Smethport Chemical works whistle at East Smethport announced another fire, but this proved to be a small blaze in some charcoal which was promptly extinguished by the employees before any material damage was done.

Tuesday night was a bad one owing to the high wind for a fire to get started and Smethport was extremely lucky in nipping all three of these fires in the bud.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Fifty Young People Spend a Pleasant Evening at Holder Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Purtle and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Bell gave a very pleasant dancing party at Holder Hall Tuesday evening in honor of the birthdays of their daughter, Miss Macie Prutle, and son, Mr. Donovan Bell.

The hall was most artisticaly decorated and presented a beautiful appearance. In each corner of the room were large evergreen trees and sprigs of the same decorated the walls together with flags andpennants from the various schools represented at the party. From the chandelliers were hung with the various school's colors pen and ink drawings by Emmett Quinlisk which portrayed some incident of these schools. The two large fire places were draped with American flags and covered with potted plants and cut flowers. Potted plants also filled the windows and on the tables were cut flowers making the hall a veritable bower of beauty and fragrance.

Chadwick's orchestra, which was stationed behind a row of palms, furnished sweet music for the fifty girl and boy students to trip the light fantastic until the excellent repast was served. Those who did not care for the dance enjoyed themselves at cards and all went home feeling that they had passed a most delightful evening.

FOR SALE OR RENT—New eight-roomed house, new barn, two acres land, in Smethport Boro, fifteen minute's walk from court house. P. O. Box 211.

A PLEASING PERFORMANCE.

"Dave," the Comedy Drama Presented By Home Talent.

Under the auspices of the Travelers' Club, "Dave" a pleasing little comedy drama was presented at the Lyceum last evening by Home Talent. A large audience was in attendance and thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

J. Lawrence Morrison appeared in the leading role of "Dave" and Mrs. Caddie Redfield as "Jennie," and both won rounds of applause for their clever acting. The other members of the company took their respective parts in a most creditable manner, and the list is so long that we cannot give all individual mention.

The specialties introduced were unusually good. The Children's Chorus "I've Got the Mumps" by 33 little tots dressed in their pajamas and nightgowns was encored as long as they would respond. Miss Irma Wells rendered two excellent recitations in a most charming manner. The Flag Drill, by 24 young ladies was another popular feature and the Ladies' Quartette composed of Miss Nell, Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, Mrs. J. S. Walker and Mrs. V. B. Bouton was warmly received.

The Virginia Reel introduced in act one, and danced to the music of Si Miller's fiddle was a big hit, but when Ken Mayo rendered his heart quickening and soul stirring ballad "A Fly Rube" (?) the audience could not get enough of it. The minuet danced by the company in the last act also drew forth hearty applause.

The Travelers will clear about $175 on this performance and the committee is to be congratulated on their success.

HANLEY-KNAPP NUPTIALS.

Ceremony Performed at St. Elizabeth's Church Early Monday Morning.

At six o'clock Monday morning, March 28, 1910, at St. Elizabeth's church, this borough, Rev. J. F. Dugan spoke the words which united in marriage Miss Fay Estella, oldest daughter of Mrs. N. Harry Knapp of this borough, and Mr. Andrew Hanley of Olean.

The beautiful ring service of St. Elizabeth's church was used, and the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Marguerite Knapp and Mr. Stephen Donovan acted as best man. Immediately following the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the Knapp home on East Main street where an excellent breakfast was served.

The bride is a well known young lady of this place and the groom is a popular young man of Olean who is employed as a blower in the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle factory at this place. Both have a host of friends who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Alleged Attempt at Murder.

Will Hallet, who has been boarding at the home of Mrs. George Wilson, and paying more or less attention to Mrs. Wilson's daughter, Anna, was jabbed deeply in the back, just beneath the shoulder blade with a four-inch potato-pearing knife, Thursday night about eleven o'clock, the stabbing being done by Anna, according to the confession of several eye-witnesses to the affair. As the story is told, young Hallet went home practically boozed up and worked up an altercation with the inmates of the place, called Anna vile names and so enraged her that she shoved the knife into him. It is said that she had threatened to do so on former occasions. Hallet went to the floor and laid there while a daughter, Laura, ran for a physician and succeeded in getting Dr. McGranor. On his way to the house he summoned Policeman Weimer. Hallet was still lying on the floor face down, when the surgeon arrived. He wasn't bleeding very copiously, but he had a deep wound in a dangerous place, the knife having penetrated the cavity, close to the lower lobe of the lung, with later indications that the lung had been struck. The doctor doesn't say as yet that the victim will live. He has been made as comfortable as possible and is still at the Wilson home. It is said that Hallet promised to marry Anna and that being out so late that Thursday night did not suit her.—Port Allegany Reporter.

If you are interested in a good school it will pay you to write to Lock Haven State Normal School for a copy of its handsome catalog. In equipment and faculty, and in its social envoirment, it is an ideal school. Its spring term opens April 4th.

Subscibe for the Miner.

WILLIAM BARNSDALL, JR.,

Died in Bradford Sunday Morning—His Death Deeply Mourned.

William Barnsdall, Jr., died at his home in Bradford suddenly last Sunday morning. He had been in poor health for several years but of late was thought to be improving, until he was suddenly taken worse and the end quickly followed. The following brief history of his life is taken from the Era:

"The deceased was widely known here and elsewhere as a man of the most kindly nature; public spirited, broad minded, liberal, helpful. He was a man, too, of modest, unostentatious ways. Although a benefactor to the poor and destitute and a giver to various charitable undertakings, he ever sought to conceal his acts of generosity from the public. He desired no personal prominence. Often opportuned by friends and admirers to accept political honors he declined all such offers, appreciatively, but firmly and confined his activities to the business life in which he was very successful. His interests were large and varied, but oil and gas enterprises constituted his principal line of business.

"William Barnsdall, Jr., was born at Titusville, Pa., on January 20, 1854. He was a son of Hon. William Barnsdall, a pioneer resident of Titusville and a leading citizen there who was mayor of the city for a term and otherwise prominent in the life of the community.

"In 1880 William Barnsdall, Jr., with his brother, Theodore N., came to Bradford and engaged in the oil business. And thereafter he made this town his home until the time of his death. He was twice married. His first wife, who died some years ago, was formerly Miss Mary Wright of Titusville. One son was born to this union, Theodore Barnsdall, 2nd, who survives, and whose home is in this city. His second wife, who survives, also was formerly Miss Grace A. Carroll of Bradford. The deceased also leaves to mourn his loss his brother, Theodore N. Barnsdall of Pittsburg and three sisters, Mrs. Olivia Withrop and Mrs. R. C. Snakard of Titusville, and Mrs. Lucy Cleland of Barrington, R. I.

"The deceased was secretary and treasurer of the Manufacturers' Gas company of Bradford, his brother being president. And he was interested in the Union Natural Gas company of Kansas; the Kansas Natural Gas company; the Dominion Gas company of Canada; the Potter Gas company of this state; and was identified largely with the Northern Oil company whose holdings are in Elk county, chiefly. In and around Bradford he had numerous other business connections to which he gave his close personal attention up to the time of his death. William Barnsdall, Jr., was known to the writer of this article since his boyhood days and during all that time the deceased has consistently followed a policy of broad humanity and justice to all. He could not turn away coldly from any appeal to his generosity and many a poor man who has received his aid will today most greviously regret the loss of a noble and munificent benefactor. Many a family would have lacked the necessities of life, on many occasions were it not for the helpfulness of "Bill" Barnsdall as he was affectionately called by those who knew him closely.

"He was a man of candor, honestly and broad intelligence. In addition to his business sagacity he possessed a fine sense of justice which could, however, be readily tempered with mercy. It was because of these qualities of mind and heart that William Barnsdall, Jr., was not only respected by his friends but was held by them in affectionate regard personally. There was that in his nature which inspired confidence and endearment. He was of a type of manhood not often to be met in these practical and semi-materialistic days and his memory will long be lovingly cherished by countless friends. His death causes a loss to the city and has brought great sorrow to his devoted wife and kindred, who, in their grief have the sympathy of the entire community."

The funeral services were held from the family home on Tuesday and his remains were laid at rest in St. Bernard's cemetery.

Hair Goods.

Mrs. M. Donohue of Bradford will be at the store of Mrs. Carrie Clark Monday, April 4, and Tuesday, April 5, with a fine line of hair goods consisting of switches, coronet braids, puffs, hair turbans and novelty braid pins. These goods are strictly up to date. Be sure and call to see them.

EASTER.

Mr. Charles M. Dickinson, former Consul General to Turkey.

The great blue dome that over us swells,
By heavenly breezes gently swung,
Is God's own Easter bell,
And the mighty earth is its tuneful tongue,
By angel hands on Easter rung.

Across the faint horizon's rim,—
Out where the stars in the ether swim,
From West to East it whirls and swings,
Up and down through the fields of air,
Till all the heaven with music rings,
And it's Easter morning everywhere.

Old "Coronation" comes floating down
Like the breath of a rose in a thorny crown
And unseen voices, soft repeat
The Majestic music of "Siler Street,"
While an angel chorus chants again:
"Peace, Peace on Earth! Good will to men!"

Open your soul, and you shall feel
The hush and thrill of the joyous peal;
Open your ears, and you shall hear
Its marvelous music, sweet and clear,—
The grandest chimes that ever were rung,—
The sweetest notes that ever were sung,—
The song of the morning stars,—the tongue
Of the mountain torrents, blending fine
With the windy hymn of the nothern pine—
The rippling laughter and pattering feet
Of streams that dance down their stony street,—
A diapason of thunder grand,—
The Easter chimes from the Holy Land
To Alaska's coast,—the minor tone
Of winds through tropical forests blown,—
The organ-peal of the ocean's swell,
And in the treble, the happiest note
That ever slipped from a robin's throat,—
All welded together, with wondrous spell,
In one grand tone of the Easter bell.

Swing on, ring on, O, beauteous bell!
Bordered with lilies with their silver hems,
Inlaid with pearl and lined with light,
Of the deep, dark blue of cloudless night,
And crowned with a myriad starry gems:
Swing on, ring on, till thy music tells
To every heart and to every home,
That is sheltered beneath thine azure dome,
[illegible]
To a sinful world, in thy joyous tone,
Swing on, ring on, till every ear,
Thy message of mercy and hope shall hear;
Till the crucified Christ to life shall start
From the rocky tomb of each contrite heart
And all the voices of Earth shall swell
The grand, sweet chimes of the Easter bell.

PENNSYLVANIA BUTTER CONTEST.

New Plan.

The Dairy Husbandry Department of the Pennsylvania State College will conduct this year's contest on a slightly different plan. Many creameries are closed part of the year and many dairymen are unable to spare even five pounds during the winter months, and for this reason only four samples will be required.

The purpose of the contest is entirely educational. By a thorough study of methods and friendly rivalry, the interest in better butter is stimulated.

The plan of the contest is for the College to furnish the five pound tub and pay express charges both ways. The butter will be scored according to market requirements by expert judges. A personal letter will be sent to each contestant, giving the score, moisture content and criticisms by the judge and suggestions from this Department. There will be four contests for the year on the 15th of April, June, August and October. The butter becomes the property of the College to partly defray the expense of the contest.

At the end of the year, a diploma will be presented to all who have taken part in each contest, and have no score less than 90 and an average of 91, providing, also, that the entry blanks furnished are filled out as completely as possible by the contestant.

The butter should be sent by express, charges collect, in time to reach State College not later than the 14 of April, June, August and October.

If you wish to enter the contest, kindly write the Dairy Husbandry Department of the Pennsylvania State College at once for tub and entry blank.

Resolutions

of Fidelity Grange on the death of Sister Laura B. Sawyer.

Again we are reminded that the messenger of death has been in our midst, calling to her reward Sister Laura B. Sawyer. Fond memories carry us back to other days when she was with us, and we mourn her loss.

Therefore be it resolved, that we cherish the memory of her sterling qualities and unselfish devotion to the work of the Grange as well as her affectionate feeling toward every one of its members.

Resolved, that as a token of respect our charter be draped for thirty days, these resolutions published in The Miner and Democrat and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

F. A. GALLUP,
ANNA STARK,
ALICE H. GALLUP.

Good Shade Trees.

I will furnish shade trees of maple, mountain ash or elm at 75c and $1.00 each set in your lawn or yard. Write or call on

CHARLES SHELDON,
Ormsby, Pa.

Found.

A sum of money near Kushequa depot. Owner can have same by proving property and paying advertising charges.

W. H. HALPENNY.

TWO BRADFORD WOMEN KILLED.

And Murderer Kills Himself—Tragedy at Lorain, Ohio.

Lorain, O., March 29.—a quarrel over money is believed by police to have caused the snuffing out, last night, of the lives of Mrs. Ruby Richards, forty years old; her sister, Bessie Mitchell, thirty-five, and David Vesper, Cleveland and Chicago sporting man, by bullets from Vesper's revolver.

The weapon, three cartridges exploded, was found just beyond the fingers of Vesper's right hand, when Patrolman David Beatty entered the Richards house at 1745 Elyria avenue, just after 7 o'clock last night, in response to reports that three shots had been fired within the house a half hour before. Vesper's body lay in a corner of a bedroom on the second floor, limp against the wall. A bullet hole behind the right ear, a powder burn beside it and the revolver near his hand, indicated that he was the last alive in the room.

Ruby Richards' body, fully attired for the street, except for a hat, was prone on the floor, at the foot of the bed. Across her sitser's body was that of Bessie Mitchell, garbed only in a night dress.

Ruby Richards had died of a bullet wound just back and above her left ear. That she attempted to shield herself from Vesper's fire was indicated by the fact that half the middle finger of her left hand had been shot away. Bessie Mitchell died of a bullet which bored its way into her brain after entering her forehead directly over her left eye.

Police believe Bessie Mitchell leaped from her bed to aid her sister when Vesper leveled a revolver at Ruby Richards after a quarrel.

Police declare Vesper, who lived in the Richards house and is said by them to have had no visible means of support other than gratuities from the women, had been deprived of this uncertain income of late. Mrs. Richards had conducted a hotel after the death of her husband, Harry Richards, five years ago. But lately the house was closed and the proprietress invited her sister, who had been living in Chicago, to make her home with her in Lorain. Bessie Mitchell arrived in the holidays. Vesper, police say, had been drinking heavily recently and had quarreled frequently with Ruby Richards over his lack of funds.

Vesper is said by the police to have been a liberal spender about sporting resorts, a fastidious dresser and a man who required considerable money without the means to gain it in an occupation requiring the technical skill or willingness of trade or labor.

Ruby Richards' bank book shows nearly $840 on deposit to her credit in a local bank.

Besides the bank book, police later found, in the woman's stocking, a total of $5,130 in bills, two of them $1,000 bills, and three of them $500 notes, with $1,600 in $100 bills.

Ruby Richards was a strikingly handsome woman of the brunette type. Her sister also was a handsome woman. Vesper had been known for years in Cleveland and Chicago as a sporting man.

Ruby Richards came here several years ago from Cleveland. Her relatives live in Bradford, Pa.

The Era says: The first intimation of the tragedy at Lorain received by the Bradford relatives of the murdered women, came last evening. The victims were daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Switzer of No. 19 High street, this city. Both were here on a visit last Christmas and both then were in splendid health and apparently in happy circumstances. They first left Bradford and went to Ohio, several years ago. In their youthful days in this city, the Switzer girls were very attractive and quite well known. Surviving them are the parents; a sister, Mrs. William Furlong of Olean, a brother, James Switzer, and a sister, Miss Jeannette Switzer of Bradford and Mrs. Maud Hagen of Oklahoma, another sister. The news of the tragic fate of the two women was a great shock to the Bradford relatives. Today representatives of the family will proceed to Lorain to arrange for the burial, which will probably take place here.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

Wanted—A girl for general housework, no washing. Address Lock Box 196, Smethport, Pa.

CONSUMPTION:

Disinfecting the Sick Room—By Dr. R. M. Moore.

Rooms occupied by consumptives should be disinfected at regular intervals because floors, walls, furniture, etc., are liable to infection. Personal effects of the patient should be occasionally disinfected.

Formaldehyde gas should be used. Health boards usually aid in this work. Where they do not, follow the following method:

Stop all cracks or openings in plaster, doors, windows or floors with cotton or strips of cloth. Do it thoroughly; find all the cracks.

Stretch linen, bedding, etc., on a line to expose all the surface possible. Don't throw them into a heap. Suspend books by covers so leaves will fall open.

Spary walls, floor, furniture, etc., with water. If masses of matter or sputum are dried on floor, loosen by soaking with water. Don't leave any vessel of water in the room.

Then place in the distilling apparatus 150 cubic centimeters (5 ounces) of the commercial forty per cent solution of formalin for each one thousand cubic feet of space in the room. It should be distilled as rapidly as possible. Pack keyhole and spaces about door with cotton or cloth. If there is much leakage of the gas into other rooms this process should be repeated evey two or three hours.

The room should remain closed at least ten hours.

Your physician or your druggist will aid you in this matter. Or, if the health board will not do the disinfecting, the employees of the board will figure of the quantities of formalin to use if you give them the length, width and height of the sick room.

The Danger of Getting Too Close to the Disease.—By Dr. Chas. E. Darrow.

Real danger comes not so much from association with a consumptive, as from association with the room in which he lives.

When a sneeze or dry cough occurs, comparatively few germs are expelled and these soon drop to the floor; when phlegm is raised, this contains many more germs, but these are moist and heavy with mucus and much sooner drop to the floor on account of their greater weight.

When, however, these germs become dry, they fly about the room particularly when currents of air occur, or when dry dust and sweeping are going on. So that the way to avoid danger is to wipe up the floor frequently with cloths wet in water or oil and to wipe off furniture in the same way. Never sweep the floor of a consumptive's room.

There should be no fixed carpets or heavy curtains in his room. Draperies of all kinds are apt to catch germs and keep out air and sunshine. The furniture should be of a kind that can be cleaned with a wet cloth, plain wood, haircloth or rattan chairs and the like.

No person should sleep in bed with a consumptive and not in the same room unless the beds are well away from each other.

A consumptive needs all the air for his own lungs.

Care of Clothes and Bedding—By Dr. Edwin H. Wolcott.

In the care of the clothing and bedding of a tuberculosis patient very simpe rules will lessen the danger of infection. Just a word for the benefit of the patient himself.

The handkerchief is an important factor in the invalid's well being. In sneezing or coughing he should always hodl a handkerchief before his mouth. This is a protection to others. He should always carry two handkerchiefs, one to hold before his mouth and to wipe his mouth with after expectoration; the other to wipe his nose with. By being careful in the use of handkerchiefs, the danger of infecting his nose and bronchial tubes will be materially lessened.

All sheets, pillow cases, underwear, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc., used by the consumptive, should be handled as little as possible. They should be placed in water immediately after removal from the bed or body; but, if they must be put with the common laundry, see to it that they are boiled thoroughly before mixing with other clothes.

If you will carefully follow these precautions, you will materially prevent the spread of the disease.

Protecting the House Pets—By Dr. H. T. Williams.

Cats, dogs and other house pets should be protected from infection to the end that humanity may not suffer thereby. The cough of a dog or

(Continued on Page 4.)

In Deer Fork Canyon

How a Man Helped to Save His Enemy's Life.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

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In the maroon haze which always in the late summer enwraps the rugged slopes of Deer Fork canyon Faith Austin was gathering wild red raspberries.

A young man in miner's garb who was prospecting behind the bowlders on the opposite slope saw her and had just made up his mind to cross the stream that zigzagged down the canyon and join her when he saw a man swinging along up the trail toward her.

"It's Nick," he said to himself. "I had forgotten for the moment what he told me last night. I meant then to leave the canyon at once, and I must, for I can't bear to stay and see her throw herself away on such a fellow as Nick Sanders." And Howard Olney turned and walked away that he might not witness the meeting between the two.

The girl did not need to turn her head to know who was coming. There was an unmistakable individuality in the shuffling steps, and recognition brought a look of annoyance to her face as she continued her work.

"[illegible] you, Faith? You're lookin' sweet as a Injun pink. What's the use of your workin' so hard for them boarders when you know I'm ready for you?" he asked.

"But you ought to know by this time that I'm not ready for you," she flashed back.

The man reddened to the roots of his sandy hair, but, controlling his anger, [illegible]:

"I've got enough to keep you from slavin' here, boardin' miners, as you're doin'. There's no use in your stayin' single for Howard Olney—he left for good this mornin'. He's goin' to keep books for Mr. Owen, the superintendent of the [illegible]."

The [illegible] Faith's cheeks, and she bent forward to conceal [illegible] face from her [illegible].

"You think I'm not good enough for you," he went on, as she took no notice of his [illegible]. "You think Olney's [illegible] because he's been a school [illegible] lots of grammar. But if you'd lived in the [illegible] with him as I've done you'd know he [illegible]. It's no use [illegible] girl as lives [illegible]," he finished [illegible].

Faith [illegible] him with flashing eyes. "Nick Sanders, you're worse than I thought [illegible]. Howard Olney took you into his cabin and nursed you through a spell of fever when nobody else would, and now you try to injure him behind his back. That's your gratitude!"

His eyes fell beneath the withering scorn of hers. Of the allusion to herself she took no notice, but she could not help resenting the slur put upon the man she loved.

"You've no call to fire up for Olney," he said maliciously. "He's above courtin' a girl who makes her livin' cookin' for miners. Besides, he's in love with Daisy Owen, and she's struck on Olney's good looks. It's bound to be a match."

Faith again bent over her berry picking that her tormentor might not see the effect of his words. She had heard through her mother's boarders about Miss Owen's wealth, beauty and accomplishments and realized that she was a mere nobody compared with the superintendent's heiress. What right had she to hope that Mr. Olney would ever love her? Still, the mocking tones stung her keenly, and, her basket being filled, she said goodby and hurried away up the rocky trail that led to a dingy, weather worn cabin half hid by the bowlders and evergreens surrounding it.

Faith and her mother were alone in the world. About a year before her father had been killed by an explosion in the mines. It was Howard Olney, a young schoolmaster from New York, turned prospector, who had risked his own life to recover the body. They could never forget this nor his untiring kindness during that time of bereavement. It was he who had encouraged them to go on with the regular routine of life, and from this sad period Faith dated her love for the young man. He had a shack two miles down Deer Fork, and most of his days were spent prospecting.

Soon after Sanders suddenly returned, having been away several months. He had been "speculating," he announced, and had brought back some money. Nick had known the family in Indiana. In fact, he had accompanied Mr. Austin to Colorado. He was a crafty, shiftless fellow and did not make friends among the miners. Indeed, so unpopular was he that when stricken with fever shortly after there was no one to care for him except Mrs. Austin until Howard, to relieve the overburdened woman, took the fellow home with him and nursed him back to health and strength. Had it not been for jealousy he would have been grateful as one of his selfish nature could be.

Meanwhile Faith had wandered down the canyon, unconsciously taking the trail over which her lover had passed an hour or two before.

"I will give up thinking of him," she said, stooping to gather a spray of wild columbine. "I won't let his going away without even saying goodby worry me. Mother must not see that I care, for of course she'll hear that he's gone. I'll pick some flowers as an excuse for coming and go home and live my life without him. A woman's heart must be strong for endurance."

Suddenly a wild cry burst upon her ears.

"Help, help!"

The girl listened with bated breath. It did not come from the direction of the mining camp. Still, it might be one of the men had wandered down the gulch and met with some accident.

Again the call came, wild and agonizing, as though face to face with a terrible doom. This time she located the cry.

"Some one has fallen into the old shaft!" she cried, running swiftly in that direction. This "old shaft" led to what had once been a promising mine, but a subterranean stream that rose mysteriously and at no regular period rendered it so unsafe that it had been abandoned, and no one who knew of its treachery dared venture into the shaft.

Almost breathless, Faith gained the mouth of the mine and, dropping on her knees, peered down into the dark depths below. The black sullen waters of the rising stream boiled and hissed among the jagged rocks and crevices, lashing madly the legs of a man who stood insecurely on a narrow ledge fully halfway down. He was clinging in terror to a jutting rock above him, which threatened every moment to give way. It was a perilous, an awful situation, and the girl shuddered as she gazed, while in the white horror drawn face upturned to hers she recognized Nick Sanders.

"For God's sake, Faith [illegible] to help me out of this!" he s[illegible].

"I'll try, Nick!" she called back.

But how was she to do it? She looked about hopelessly. Then her eyes fell upon a large coil of castoff rope near the broken windlass. [illegible] caught it up eagerly, and, lowering one end to Nick, she said:

"Tie this around you under the arms."

He did so and felt himself being slowly drawn upward. Such was his peril that he could not realize that the girl's hands alone were not strong enough to pull him to the top. He did not know that another had also heard his calls for help and had arrived just in time to aid in the rescue. When [illegible] solid earth [illegible] for several minutes.

When he came to himself he was lying on the bank of Deer Fork, and Faith was bathing his face. Hearing Howard Olney's voice, he kept his eyes closed and listened.

"I'm glad I was in time to help you save him," the young man was saying. "I was on my way to see you, Faith, to say goodby before leaving the canyon. At first I thought I would go away without, but I couldn't. I felt that I must look upon your face once more [illegible]."

Nick heard the tremor in Olney's voice that told of the emotion he was endeavoring to control.

"[illegible] once more, Faith," he went on. "I should not go if you could love me, but I know how it is. You have known Nick all your life. In the delirium of his fever I learned how much he loved you, and afterward he told me that you loved him in return. I will not come between you. Goodby, dear one. Remember I helped save him for your sake."

There was intense pain in the tones, and as he turned away Faith gave a quick sob, and Nick felt a hot tear fall on his face. But the girl made no effort to detain the man she loved. One word would have called him back to her side, yet her lips seemed paralyzed. She knew that he loved her and was going because he believed she loved another; that she would never see him again and her old lonely life would go on unbroken, unbrightened by him. He was slipping away from her forever, still she could not utter a word.

And Nick knew, too, that if Olney went now his own chances of some time winning Faith were better than ever.

"Hold on a minute, Howard!" called the rescued man, sitting up.

"What is it, Nick?" asked Olney, turning back, though he did not trust himself to look toward Faith.

"Come up nearer. I've got somethin' to tell you both, and you don't know how hard it is for a man to call himself out loud and right before two good folks he's been a-wrongin', a onery big liar," said Nick. "But that's just what I am—a onery big liar. I lied to you about Faith's lovin' me, and then I lied to her about your leavin' Deer Fork to keep accounts for Mr. Owen just because you were in love with his daughter. I'm a low lived devil, but, when I was down in that ole shaft a-facin' death I made up my mind if I ever got the chance I'd be a better man. Now that you two have saved my worthless life and have give me the chance I asked for I'm goin' to begin with you and Faith by settin' you right. You love each other, and I want to see you happy, so my lies ain't standin' in your trail any more.

"Maybe you wonder how I happened to be down in that old mine. You remember that Swede who got a pile of gold and some nuggets stole from his cabin over on Firecheck creek? Well, I am the thief, and I hid it all down in that shaft, where I knowed nobody would dare go pokin' round. I went down, aimin' to git part of it to swap off, and that water riz right up like a avengin' angel. I hain't got the makin' of half a saint in me, but I'm goin' to tote back that stuff where I got it from and strike a new trail up the canyon of life."

"Where They're Hollerin' 'Hooray!'"

Tribulations cannot stay
Where they're hollerin' "Hooray!"
Findin' joy there, with the goods,
Watch him hustle for the woods!
Never thinks to spend a day
Where they're hollerin' "Hooray!"

January or in June
He demands a mournful tune
Just like this in every place:
"This old world's no friend to grace!"
But he hustles fast away
From the town that cries "Hooray!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Trouble In His Brain Pan.

"Doctor," said the little Boston boy, "you are an alienist, are you not?"

"Yes," answered the distinguished physician, "that is the particular branch of medical practice to which I devote myself. Can I do anything for you?"

"You can assist me perhaps in allaying a serious apprehension that has arisen in my mind. This morning, doctor, I found myself saying 'fossiliferous' when I was trying to say 'paleontological.' Does that indicate aphasia or is it merely temporary heterophemy?"—Chicago Tribune.

Green Over Red.

Mike has a hundred ties,
O'Day but one,
But in that tie Pat has a prize;
Poor Mike has none.

Mike boasts of his hundred ties;
Pat puts his on.
When the daylight on it lies
Mike's chance is gone.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Darktown Culture Club.

Chairman (concluding an address of introduction)—An', now, ladies and gentlemen, I hab de honor of presentin' to dis audience de speaker of de ebenin', Professor Johnsing of de Westville seminary, who will proceed to define de indefinable, depict de indepictable and unscrew the unscrewtable!—Life.

A Touching Verse.

At first she touches up her hair
To see if it's in place;
And then with manner debonair
She touches up her face.
A touch to curls behind her ear,
A touch to silken collar,
And then she's off to hubby dear—
To touch him for a dollar.
—Chicago News.

Lavish Luxury.

"The ultimate consumer is always kicking," said Mrs. Dustin Stax impatiently.

"Well, hasn't he cause to kick?"

"Certainly not. I have been investigating. The amount of peanuts a vendor insists on giving you for 5 cents is astonishing."—Washington Star.

Serial and Serious.

"I've never made a hit!"—The dominie
Broke in and, smiling, said, "That's right, my son!"
But when I showed how he frowned at me.
"I've never made a hit as yet that won!"
—New York Sun.

Coming to Terms.

Possible Boarder—Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals I should like to come to terms.

Seaside Farmer—Before we go any further, was that a fair sample of yer appetite?—Presbyterian Standard.

A Knockout Glow.

Young [illegible] O'Toole
With a keg of gunpowder and fuse,
Straight up from the alley
Young O'Toole did sally—
To return when the weather gets cool.
—Chicago News.

High Dives.

Ostend—And, pa, is there always water in the stock market?

Pa—Yes, my son.

Ostend—But how do you know, pa?

Pa—Oh, because there is always some one taking a plunge there.—New York Press.

Inconsistent.

The manager canned the leading dame
Because she kicked and cut up rough.
He also fired the gay soubrette
Because she didn't kick enough.
—St. Paul Dispatch.

New Hump on the Camel.

"He's a regular camel."

"Camel nothing! He never went eight days without a drink in his life."

"I know, but he frequently drinks enough in one day to last an ordinary man eight days."—Houston Post.

Painted Beauty.

Handsome is as handsome does,
Wrote the poet, but it wasn't.
Very long e'er he found out
Handsome is as handsome doesn't.
—St. Louis Star.

Getting One In.

"My husband proposed to me on his bended knees," said the lady who liked to brag.

"I didn't know your husband was bow legged," replied her dearest friend.—New York Journal.

Made to Order.

That "brevity's the soul of wit"
At times we think is corking—
That is, we think the saying's fit
When other folks are talking.
—Boston Herald.

Locating Them.

"The trusts seem to be at the bottom of everything," said the complaining person.

"Wrong again," replied the quibbler. "The trusts are always on top."—Washington Star.

Great!

Speaking of appetites,
A woman's is great
For what comes on
A fashion plate.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Very Same.

Bilson—Jackson is an optimist.

His Wife—What is an optimist, Tom?

Bilson—An optimist is a man who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him.—Cleveland Leader.

How the Trick Was Done

Showing the Ingenuity of an Able Emissary.

By HELEN INGLEHART.

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"Mme. Chapellier?"

"Yes."

"His excellency has directed me to admit you as soon as you called."

The attendant led the way to the private office of the minister of foreign affairs, opened the door and announced:

"Mme. Chapellier!"

"The government," said the minister, "appreciating your past services, is desirous of adding to the amounts already paid you another 50,000 francs."

"And I doubt not the government expects me to add to my past services a corresponding amount."

"Can you leave for London tonight?"

"I can go anywhere at any time."

"Very well. I will explain."

The minister cast a look about the room, habitual with him before entering upon a matter involving secrecy, leaned forward in his chair and spoke in a low tone.

"The British government has made a treaty with the ambassador of the sublime porte at London by which the sultan grants valuable concessions to Great Britain. We have been negotiating with the sultan's ambassador here in Paris for these same privileges, but we are [illegible]. Sir Bradford Chichester, one of the younger members of the British diplomatic corps, has engaged passage by sea for Constantinople, in a ship sailing on the 14th. He will carry with him the British treaty for signature at the Turkish foreign office. It is our purpose to delay him either at starting or on the way."

Mme. Chapellier reached London the next morning and reported in person to Baron la Brun, the French minister.

"In order to assist you," he said, "I give a dinner this evening at which Sir Bradford Chichester will be present. Have you costumes?"

"Everything except appropriate jewels. I shall personate a wealthy American widow—Mrs. Worthington Wood."

"Where shall I send them?"

"No. — Portman square."

"Very well. I shall expect you at 8."

At the dinner given at the French embassy Mrs. Worthington Wood, who, though born of French parents, had lived the first fifteen years of her life in America, was taken in to dinner by Sir Bradford Chichester. She knew that his family, though ancient, were not rich and that he would gladly take a wealthy wife. She manifested so much interest in seeing his country seat, the Dunes, on the Irish channel and some 200 miles from London, that he, thinking to benefit in the matter of a courtship, should he deem such desirable, arranged a house party to go there to remain till the 13th, when he must return to the city to be ready to sail on the 14th. Of course Mrs. Wood was invited.

The next day a small number of guests assembled at the Dunes. It was winter, but the house was cheerfully lighted and logs blazed on every hearth. Sir Bradford devoted himself to the young widow. There are women who possess the knack of carrying an impressible man quickly off his feet. Such was Mrs. Worthington Wood. She administered, so to speak, a love potion. There was in it a reason—to cause her victim to feel that he could never aspire to possess her. Eyes that shot a spark to kindle passion, feigned innocence to excite reverence.

Sir Bradford, Mrs. Wood and several others of the house party had gone up from London on the same train and in the same compartment. Mrs. Wood noticed that her host carried a leather hand bag that he never lost sight of. If he left the train for a moment at a station he took the bag with him; if he went into the smoking compartment to enjoy a cigar the hand bag went with him.

Mrs. Wood also noticed that when he entered the family equipage to be driven to his home, while he gave up his rugs, umbrella and other such belongings to the servants, he held on to the satchel. She deemed it necessary to her plans to know where the hand bag would be deposited. But as soon as the host entered the house, leaving his guests to be shown to their rooms by he housekeeper, he disappeared. When Mrs. Wood next saw him the satchel was not with him.

"I have brought with me," she said to him, "a few of my finest jewels, not daring to leave them in London. Have you a safe in the house?"

"Certainly," he said. "One moment. I will call the housekeeper. The safe is in my bedroom. She will go with us."

"Us? Is it necessary for you to go?"

"I never allow my safe to be opened except by myself."

"On second thought, I will keep my valuables locked in my trunk."

There was a faint reproach in the glance she gave him and her tone.

"Pardon me," he said. "I would trust you, but my housekeeper"—

"You would not trust?"

"Certainly, I would trust you both, but there is property in that safe that doesn't belong to me. Would I be justified in permitting any one, however trustworthy, to go in there?"

His tone was growing more decided. Interests of state were asserting themselves.

"You would be a fool to do so. Here is my box. I intrust it to your care."

A temptation came to him not to be outdone in a matter of confidence, but he resisted it. Taking the box, in which there were only a few gems for informal occasions, he went away and placed it in his safe.

The next evening at dinner the young widow was entrancing. She seemed to be in a light, happy mood. She told the story of how the host had refused to permit her to visit his safe without his being present and set all the guests laughing by its humorous telling. The host laughed with the rest, and had he not been coming under a spell that would have ended the matter. As it was he winced. There was underneath Mrs. Wood's humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses.

"Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes me some reparation?"

All banteringly agreed that he did.

"Well, this is the last night of our visit here. Let him intrust me with the key of his safe till tomorrow morning."

All declared that such an act would not necessarily be showing any confidence whatever. But the widow insisted that it would satisfy her, and she smilingly held out her hand for the key.

The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, daring him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought it advantageous to marry. Nevertheless he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.

Amid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corsage.

The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse than he regretted his act. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rush from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly, the next he fears that he has fallen into the toils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe, the safe where was deposited that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment it was that she should not see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.

The widow rallied him continually. "Aren't you going to give me one night alone?" "Be comforted, I am not in the habit of visiting any but my own room when I sleep." "Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the [illegible] that gave much to the amusement of the guests. At midnight, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.

The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musing. It contained his possible ruin, and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days.

"Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to bedevil me. Nonsense! I have a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here tonight— More nonsense! Who's to come?" Thus he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. But, oh, if he only had the key!

He went to bed and tried to sleep. Slumber would not come. Fancying he heard a movement in his room, he arose and struck a light. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but left it burning. This made him feel a trifle more comfortable, and toward morning he went to sleep.

He was awakened by his valet bringing hot water. After a glance at the safe, which showed no evidence of having been tampered with, he arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. A maid approached him and said:

"I took the hot water to Mrs. Wood, room 6. She didn't answer when I knocked, and I went in. She isn't there."

Sir Bradford blanched. Like lightning the thought flashed through his brain that the key of his safe had gone with her. Then he saw that he was ruined. He was to sail that afternoon for Constantinople. The only way to get the treaty was to break into his safe. But it was a new and perfect one, put in since he had entered the diplomatic service. Only in London could men be found of sufficient skill to do the work, and London was 200 miles away. He put his hand to his head, staggered up to his room and locked himself in.

* * * * *

Twenty-four hours later the minister of foreign affairs in Paris received the card of Mme. Chapellier. He directed that she be at once admitted.

"Well?" he said.

"I left the diplomat at his home far from London with the treaty locked in his safe. There is the key."

"And how much time do you think we will gain?"

She handed him an item cut from a newspaper stating that Sir Bradford Chichester had sent to London for men to open his safe; that they had failed and others more skillful [illegible] gone up. He had offered the latter £1,000 if [illegible] would do the job in three hours.

"That will do," said the minister. "Our treaty is on the way."

He drew her a check for 50,000 francs.

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

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Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Spring Time

and early Summer our animals feel the need of something to tempt the appetite as well as human beings. If your horse is "off his feed" give him a nice mixture of Pratt's Food, or some of our clean, high grade oats, middlings or Blatchford's Calf Meal for calves and lambs.

F. A. Green.

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THE "MINER."

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Go to
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For
CUT
FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

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We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

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THE BIG STORE.

FOR HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE

A Full Line of Seasonable goods prices Right.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 31, 1910.

Local and General.

—Don't forget the High School contest Friday evening.

—Read J. W. Pickersgill's advertisement in another column.

—Read what H. W. Rubin has to say about ties in his space this week.

—Easter was a most beautiful day and many spring suits were on exhibition.

—The dance given by the Lyceum management last Monday evening was a decided success.

—A bank will soon be established in Roulette. It will be capitalized at $25,000 and will be known as the First National Bank of Roulette.

—A clam chowder supper will be given by the L. V. Harris Bible class at the M. E. chapel Saturday, April 9th. Supper begins at 5:30. Tickets 25 cents.

—The J. W. Grassfield novelty store in Eldred, Pa., was sold on Thursday throug the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y., to B. C. Stillman of Spencerport, N. Y., who has taken possession. The deal included the real estate.

—Howard, the 4-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor of Coryville died very suddenly of cholera infantum last Thusday. The funeral services were held on Saturday, and the remains laid at rest in Moody Hollow cemetery.

—Never before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant have we had such a March as the one which closes to-day. During the entire month it has been like May weather and for the past week the heat has been almost equal to mid-summer.

—The Pennsylvania passenger train due in Bradford from Olean at 6:50 p. m. struck two unknown men at a point one mile south of State Line last Thursday evening killing both of them. They are unidentified and one who lived a short time said his name was John Jones and his home was where night overtook him.

—On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht pleasantly entertained the Class of 1910 of the Smethport High School at a 6 o'clock dinner in honor of their daughter, Edna, who is a member of the class. The decorations in the dining room were in the Senior Class colors, blue and white, and throughout the dinner the class colors were conspicuous.

—John Benson of Colegrove, who was injured last week by the explosion of a cartridge in a pile of rubbish he was burning, is getting along nicely and no complications are expected.

—Don't forget the High School contest Friday night between Eldred and Smethport. Both teams have prepared very carefully for the contest so that with the excellent music prepared by the local high school an interesting evening's entertainment is assured. The people of the community ought to attend and thus encourage the representatives of our high school.

—On Saturday five fellows were riding on a Pennsylvania Railroad freight train from Port Allegany and wanted to get off at Eldred. The train was going so fast that they did not dare tackle it, so they set the brakes and slowed down the train so they could get off. This was a clever piece of work, but when the railroad detectives had them arrested and three of them were fined the joke lost half its lustre.

—On Tuesday of last week Edward Unverdorben of Bullis Mills gave himself up to the authorities. Two years ago Wm. Stiner of Cross Fork, Pa., received a Blackhand letter demanding money or his life. The letter was turned over to the postoffice department and the matter ferrited out by its detective force. Unverdorben was the accused and tried hiding for a time but finally gave himself up. He was taken to Pittsburg for hearing.

—George Dillon, another of the unfortunate victims that was scalded in the hemlock mill on the 5th inst. died at the hospital Sunday evening at 10:00 o'clock, aged 56 years. Like his comrade, Desmond, who preceded him just one week, in passing to the great beyond, he refused to make any statement before death sealed his lips, except to say that he had one sister—Kate Dillon—but he refused to say where she lives.—Austin Autograph.

—With a heroism worthy one of more years 9-year-old Mary Mustio, after escaping from the burning home of her parents at Wahsington, Pa., last Friday returned to the flame-filled structure and rescued a 6-month-old sister, sustaining serious burns about the head and face. The children had been left alone and a 4-year-old brother got hold of a box of matches. The flames spread quickly and when Mary got outside she remembered the babe, asleep on the second floor. Up the blazing stairway she rushed with a shawl thrown over her head, to fall fainting into kindly arms of firemen when she returned with the infant.

—An exchange says: Enterprising poultry exploiters are again advertising the secret of how to obtain a wonderful and valuable egg food at 15 cents a bushel. It is just sprouted oats. Soak a quantity of oats in warm water ten to twelve hours, spread them out in a large shallow box and sprinkle two or three times a day. The oats will sprout soon and when the green shoots are about two inches high give them to the chickens. This is the secret and it costs you nothing.

—After having successfully predicted a long, cold winter, with several blizzards, which arrived within a few days of schedule time, John T. Roberts, a Darby, Pa., carpenter, who has been forecasting the weather for 42 years with such certainty that all Darby swears by him, is the first to come forward and say a long hot summer is ahead of us. "June will be warm as any month," says Roberts, "and the early part of June will be slightly cool, but after the first week it will begin to get warm and will continue all month. August will come in red hot and will stay that way. Crops will be effected by the heat and many persons will be overcome. There will be severe thunderstorms all summer." Roberts forecasts the weather by taking the direction of the wind for three days of the equinox, taking the first day, March 20, same indication for the weather in June; the second day, March 21, for the weather in July, and the third day, March 22, for the month of August.

Texas.

The area of Texas is equal to a belt of land eleven miles wide encircling the earth at the equator or to a strip of land more than one mile wide reaching from the earth to the moon or to a lane wide enough for the roadbed of a double-track railway and long enough to reach from the earth to the sun.

Stoves In Saxony.

For hundreds of years the people of Saxony have used stoves made of fire brick covered with glazed tiles, which retain and gradually radiate the heat for hours after the fire has gone out.

Whales.

Whales are not fish in the scientific sense, but it is interesting to note that these monsters swim at a rate of sixteen miles an hour when excited, although their ordinary speed is estimated at between four and five miles.

Bruidzuikers.

In place of wedding cake in Holland wedding sweets are given, bruidzuikers, they are called. They are handed round by children and are served in flower [illegible] baskets.

Titanium.

Titanium makes up about two-fifths of 1 per cent of the earth's crust and exceeds in quantity all other heavy metals together except iron. The proportion of iron is about 5 per cent. The bulk of the crust is nonmetallic, 50 per cent being oxygen and 25 per cent silicon.

Iceland.

Iceland exports sulphur, Iceland moss, wool, dried fish, seal skins and oil, whale oil and baleen, eiderdown, lambskins and ponies. Its manufactures are entirely domestic.

Eel and Catfish.

Both the eel and the catfish are generally supposed to be scaleless, which is far from the truth, as both bear scales, although these are so minute that they can be seen only with a microscope. In the case of the eel scientists are enabled to tell its age by the size of the scales with which it is covered.

Plymouth Breakwater.

The breakwater at Plymouth, England, contains 3,800,000 tons of stone, or as much as the great pyramid of Cheops.

The Great Bustard.

The heaviest bird that flies is the great bustard. In size it exceeds the Norwegian blackcock. The old male weigh about thirty-five pounds, but when food is plentiful the young male may weigh forty pounds. Great bustards were formerly as plentiful in western Europe as partridges. Now they are rarely found.

A Crimson Secret.

The inhabitants of Fair Island, north of Scotland, for centuries have closely guarded a secret process for dyeing textiles a vivid crimson.

Comets.

Some comets have shown puzzling eccentricities. One broke up into five small comets, which pursued parallel paths. The tail of a second showed kinks, as if it had been hit in the side by an invisible body. It is not unusual for comets to have two or more tails, and at least one has been observed which threw out lateral branches.

Roman Pottery.

The ancient Romans excelled in making pottery. They possessed regular muffle ovens and even a sort of producer gas oven.

Seaweed.

From seaweed when reduced to ashes are gained some of the most beneficent preparations in use today. Some of these are iodine, bromine, hydriodic acid, iodides of sodium, mercury, potassium, magnesium and calcium. From it are extracted coloring matters, volatile oil, and its ingredients are used in photography.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 & $5.00 SHOES

Best in the World

UNION MADE

Boys' Shoes $2.00 and $2.50

Fast Color Eyelets Used

W. L. Douglas shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world. Their excellent style, easy fitting and long wearing qualities excel those of other makes. If you have been paying high prices for your shoes, the next time you need a pair give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial. You can save money on your footwear and get shoes that are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you higher prices.

If you could visit our large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes.

CAUTION—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom to protect the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitute. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

—FOR SALE BY—

ANDERSON & CARLSON

Smethport, Pa.

Train and Track.

Narrow gauge trackage is used only for industrial railways at present.

In England street-car conductors are paid no more than laborers till they have served two years, when they receive the maximum rate of 12 cents an hour. Motormen are paid a shade more.

The famous engine No. 999, which used to haul the Empire State express when it became known as the fastest train in the world, now occasionally does the humble work of hauling a freight train on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg division of the New York Central railroad.

Making Sure.

Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm)—I'm thinkin', sir, I'll just tak yer fare. There's no sayin' what might happen tae us.—London Punch.

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.—Pilpay.

A Mean Rebuke.

[illegible]

Social Paradox.

[illegible] for me to dress on [illegible] can't wear less [illegible]

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

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Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER

AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's sub-

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 31, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Sinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1908.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

To The Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for Congress in the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4, 1910. I make this announcement and enter the contest in compliance with the earnest requests of many prominent members of the party in the district and also because I believe that in Congress, if elected, I would be in a position to effectively advocate those principles and measures of good government, which now more than ever, should be embodied in Federal legislation. I believe in clean policies and progressive Roosevelt policies. And to the end that I may serve their best interests, I ask the support of the Republicans of this district.

Lewis Emery, Jr.
Bradford, Pa., March 15, 1910.

For Member of Assembly.

To the Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, June 4, 1910.

Robert C. Habgood.
Bradford, Pa., March 1, 1910.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for member of Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held in June.

T. J. [illegible]
Port Allegany, March 1, 1910.

[illegible]

David Josiah Brewer, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died [illegible] night as the result of a stroke of apoplexy.

Justice Brewer came to the supreme court from the federal court in Kansas. He was the second oldest member of the court, Justice Harlan only being his senior. He was regarded as the most democratic of all the members of the court, most affable, approachable and accommodating. He was the one man on the bench who had proof copies of his opinions prepared for the newspapers and this he did consistently.

Another characteristic of the jurist was that he never took any of the time of the court or the public in announcing his opinions. He would give in a few words his conclusions and then hand down the proof sheets of his opinion always completely arranged.

CONSUMPTION.

(Continued from Page 1.)

a cat, or their sneeze, loaded with tubercle bacilli, is fully as dangerous as the cough or sneeze of an infected individual.

[illegible] there are domestic animals in [illegible] home of a tuberculosis patient, [illegible] care should be exercised [illegible] article of sputum (spit) be [illegible] remain where the animal [illegible] Do not be led to [illegible] the assumption that [illegible] cleanly animals and [illegible] sputum. They [illegible] instances, and [illegible] to infec- [illegible] con- [illegible] on [illegible] tuberculosis patients are being cared for should be elevated from the floor. This is a good rule in any event, but it is particularly necessary where animals are about.

It is a comparatively simple and inexpensive matter to elevate the spittoons. Any handy member of the family can build a four-post standard, upon the top of which the spittoon may rest. If possible the top should be in the form of a little box so that the spittoon can be put inside and a cover can be kept on when not in use. This will keep flies and other insects from the sputum. The standard also should be on casters so that it can be easily moved to accommodate the patient.

Population In the Country.—[illegible] Charles F. Barber.

Inasmuch as many consumptives go to the country in summer, it may be well to add a word of caution in this connection. While it is true that sunshine and air will ultimately destroy the tubercule bacilli (germ), yet it very often happens that they are not destroyed until the mischief has been accomplished.

Through the careless expectoration (spitting) of consumptives in meadows, fields or stables, animals may become infected with tuberculosis. It has been prved that in the neighborhood of an institution for the care of tuberculosis (where outside restrictions were not as iron-bound as the inside rules) a whole herd of cows became infected after eating the fodder upon which the consumptives had spat. Luckily, in this one instance, the danger was discovered early and the herd destroyed. It was expensive (and necessary, if proper precaution had been taken) but absolutely necessary.

So, if you are afflicted with the disease and go to the farm this summer, do not drop your guard. Exercise the same care that you owuld at home.

The Seat of Punctuation.

At the time Colonel Roosevelt was carrying on his simplified spelling movement in Washington there was a meeting of educators at Battle Creek, Mich., and they visited the great sanitarium there. They were shown through and particular stress was laid by the guide on the success that attended operations there on enlarged and diseased colons, it being claimed that here was the seat of most disease. There was a banquet that night, and one of the visitors opened his speech like this:

"Washington, as we all know, is the seat of spelling reform; but, I take it, Battle Creek is found to be the seat of punctuation reform, for, as we were told today, you come here with a colon and you depart with a semicolon."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Duke at Church.

There was a certain old duke who used to sit up in the left hand gallery with his duchess, believing himself to be [illegible]. One Sunday a too officious steward, on seeing the old nobleman take a back seat, hurried up to him and said, "Will not your grace have a better sight?" "Come along, Miriam," said the old duke, "we're discovered." And he immediately walked out with the duchess and [illegible] the church [illegible].—London Tatler.

Cruel Dig.

Mrs. A. (much nettled)—You were such a charming infant, my dear, thirty years ago. Mrs. B.—Was I? [illegible] only wished you had made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—Boston Transcript.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending March 26, 1910:

Bartholomew, Miss Sarah.
Compton, Mrs. Lottie.
Hayden, Miss Gertrude.
Hoffman, Mrs. Anna.
Purdon, Miss Martha.
Presbyterian Aid Soc.
Presbyterian Pastor.
Prescott Charles.
Snyder, Muriel.

Persons calling for those letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

All dogs must be tagged on or before April 1, 1910, or they will be disposed of according to law.

S. H. CLEVELAND,
Chief Burgess.

Low Rates to the West.

Pennsylvania Railroad. Tickets to Rocky Mountains, Pacific Coast, Western Canada, Mexico and Southwestern points on sale daily until April 15 at reduced fares. Consult nearest Ticket Agent or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main St., Buffalo.

Well Established Hardware Business For Sale Right.

We offer for sale an established hardware, tinning and plumbing business located in live town of 2,400 population in Allegany county, N. Y. Three story building 22x50, with basement, shop and storehouse 24x50. Lighted and heated by natural gas; [illegible] rent. Stock of general hardware will be sold for inventory, about $8,000. Terms part cash, time on balance. Annual business about $28,000. About 50 per cent cash and 50 per cent credit. This business has been established for 40 years and will bear fullest investigation.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Call and See
my line of
EASTER NOVELTIES
EVERYTHING TO PLEASE
THE CHILDREN
WELLS' DRUG STORE,
Smethport, Pa.

ATTENTION, NEWSPAPERMEN.

Having installed a Linotype in this office we have a lot of type for sale at reasonable prices.

Here is a good chance to get an almost new dress for your paper at half the regular price.

We have about 300 pounds of 8 point (brevier) which we will sell at 20 cents per pound. About 200 pounds of 11 point (small pica) which we will sell for 20 cents per pound, and about 100 pounds of 6 point (nonpareil) which we will sell for 25 cents per pound.

Anyone in need of any or all of the above faces can get proofs and full particulars by calling on or addressing

THE MINER,
Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand—call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Hair Goods.

Call at the store of Mrs. Carrie Clark Monday or Tuesday, April 4 or 5, and see the fine display of hair goods by Mrs. M. Donohue of Bradford.

Applications for bids for Painting County Bridges.

[illegible]

JOHN N. PETERSON,
ARCHIE D. M. MARSH,
JOHN F. [illegible],
Commissioners of McKean County.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Bee Supplies.—We want all Beekeepers in this vicinity to send to us, at once, for 1910 Root catalogue, complete with prices, and get our special offer for early orders. We carry in stock a large assortment of most salable goods. Buy near at home and get prompt and satisfactory service. Best goods at right prices.

BARD & CHENEY
PORT ALLEGANY, PENNA.

Gane
67 MAIN STREET
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 409

SPRING
IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms,

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge

E. W. STRONG

PERFECTION IN LAUNDRY WORK

Appeals most strongly to the Up-to-date Launderer who realizes that the high qualities of his work is the best business getter he can employ.

To get new Customers and to hold old Customers, give them High Grade Work, which is essentially attractive to the one who wears it. Our work is the best that can be produced with long experienced and skilled labor.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Our customers speak of the satisfaction obtained at

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
"THE QUALITY LAUNDRY"
J. E. ELLIS, Prop.
27-29 Pine Street, Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

All the best Magazines and Periodicals at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG Drug Store.

Sole agent for Saturday Evening Post. Finest line of drugs, medicines, rubber goods, etc. in town.

Cigars, Candy, Toilet Articles.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY
VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books. ☞ Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. ☞ Frank Merriwill's Medal Library. ☞ Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

☞ Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

—AT—

DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

This is the day of small profits and large sales

This is the principal of the modern jewelry store. Yes, we are going to sell good jewelry at a small margin. We believe that jewelry can be sold on the same small margin of profit as other goods. We appeal to you for your jewelry business.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers
Successors to W. J. Kerr

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

50c **TIES** 50c

All Kinds and Colors
Four in hand and Bat Wings

SHIRTS

Coat Shirts with attached cuffs and Negligee with Soft Collars

CAPS

The new Shapes and Shades for Street and Auto Wear. A Good Line of Each at Fifty cents. Give us a look.

H. W. Rubin
SMETHPORT, PA.
50c 50c

Picture of President Taft FREE

If you will send two cents in stamps, we will mail you a large reproduction in colors of a painting of President Taft (two-thirds of life size), suitable for framing and attractive for home or office.

We pay 4% Compound Interest on Savings Accounts of any size, and you can bank by mail. Interesting booklet free upon request.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital and Surplus, 10 Million Dollars.

Wherever You Live

you may avail yourself of the unexcelled facilities offered by this strong bank. Uncle Sam's mail carriers will bring your deposits from any part of the world. We will cheerfully mail you booklets explaining our system of giving to out-of-town accounts precisely the same care as those of local residents.

FOUR PER CENT AND NO WORRY.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
4th AVE and SMITHFIELD ST.
PITTSBURGH PA.
ASSETS OVER 16 MILLION DOLLARS
Write for Booklet CM.

F. W. BROWNELL
Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Brasted's, Pickersgill's and Faxon's Bread, also a full line of Fruits and Fresh Vegetables.

F. W. BROWNELL

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Spring Offerings

in light, crisp and dainty rolls and breads, cakes, pies and Ladyfingers that will arouse your dormant appetite when it fails you you will find at Pickersgills. Our bakestuffs are renowned for high grade deliciousness and fine flavor and are poplar with the fastidious in Smethport.

John Pickersgil.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

[illegible] subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS
36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month) Departments edited by
A Big Athletic Department edited by WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University
is a feature. Every boy should read Mr.
Camp's ideas of manly sportsmanship
Department of Electricity, Mechanics,
Photography, Stamps, Coins and
that are interesting and instructive
Each department is attractively
THE BOYS' MAGAZINE
AND YOUR OWN
THE McKEAN
SEND
The

The Lindholm Co.

The Store That Gives You the Most For the Least.

EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY

HAT TRIMMING IS AN ART

That is possessed by but Comparatively few people.

We invite you to visit our Spring Milinery display because we are sure it represents more Style, more beauty, more skill, more care and variety than any we have ever shown before.

For weeks we have turned plumes, ribbons and flowers into exact copies of NEW YORK and PARIS creations. Our expert advice is always at your eervice.

The New Printzess Styles.

Give Charming Expression to the Correct Spring Idea.

What Style Changes has fickle fashion ordained for Spring? How are the Coats Cut? What Novelties do the Skirts show? These aae the questions which are now uppermost in the minds of all feminity.

Let our showing of beautiful new PRINTZESS COATS and SUITS answer them with authority.

These distinguished garments—as fresh and Charming as the first buds of Spring—accurately depict the approved New Modes. Styles Lhine forth in their every graceful fold. Distinction and individuality characterize even the latest expensive garment in the great collection.

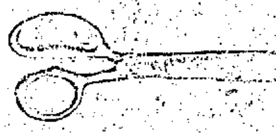
Prices Range from $10.00 to $30.00 each.

Exclusive Style in Low Cut Shoes.

We invite you to visit our Shoe department when in need of low Cuts. You will find the latest styles and leathers, at prices to suit every purse.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



CLAUSS

The world's favorite, always satisfactory and fully warranted for sale at.

——FOR SALE BY——

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 31, 1910.

Local and General.

—The Lindholm Company has an intetresting new advertisement this week.

—Eldred vs. Smethport in the High School contest at the Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—Fry & Comes have had a new awning placed in front of their store on Main street.

—C. H. Gleason and family have taken up their residence in their new home on Green street.

—Mrs. Harris' Sunday school class will give a clam supper in the chapel on Saturday evening, April 9th.

—The many friends of Creighton Burlingame will be pleased to learn that he is slowly recuperating from his long illness.

—"The Girl From Rectors" will be at the Bradford Theatre on Saturday, April 2. It is said to be the original company right from Weber's Music Hall, New York.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday there will be the regular services with preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. and Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.

—There was a freight wreck in the Smethpotr yards of the P., S. & N. R. R. last Saturday which piled up five heavily loaded coal cars and tore up the main track for some little distance. Fotunately no one was injured and there was a switch along side of the wreck so traffic was not delayed. Another wreck was reported on the Loop near Clermont on the same day.

—The East Smethport school will hold a contest on Saturday afternoon with several nearby schools. The contest will include reading, writing and essays. The judges will be Rev. W. A. Harris, Prof. T. T. Allen and Prof. B. S. Bayle.

—A handsome monument has just been placed in Rose Hill cemetery on the lot of Mrs. A. E. Hagberg to the memory of her husband. Granite tablets for Philetus and Henry E. Ford. The work was furnished by Foley Bros. Co., the Olean, N. Y., monument dealers.

—From the very best of information the Democrat has been informed that in the very near future Coudersport will be set agog by a breach of promise suit between two of its most prominent people. At present we are not at liberty to state more concerning the matter.—Potter Democrat.

—Forest fires are raging on nearly all sides of Smethport, filling this valley with smoke, but thus far comparatively little damage has been done. However it is reported that nearly 500 cords of chemical wood have been destroyed on lands of N. W. Heinemann in Norwich township.

—We are indebted to the author, Mrs. Grace Sartwell Mason, formerly of Port Allegany, for a copy of "The Godparents," a cleverly written story that is bound to be a good seller. This novel deals with the lives of two young people who were called upon to look after the well-being of a child for whom they had stood as God-parents, and its pages are full of very wholesome reading which not alone interests but inspires the reader to better things in life. It is a story well worth buying and reading.

—A new hydrant was put in at the corner of Main and Union streets last night. It is a double connection hydrant. On one side is a connection for the ordinary hose and on the other the connection is for the steamer. If this style of hydrant proves a success they will be placed in various parts of the town as new ones are needed to replace the old ones.

—Hon. Joseph W. Bouton was over from Smethport yesterday. The judge has been in poor health for some time, but of late shows symptoms of improvement, a fact which his many friends will be pleased to learn. Mrs. Bouton, who has been visiting Mediterranean points in an extended trip abroad, is expected to arrive in New York next Monday.—Bradford Era.

—Edward Cleveland, a well known young Mt. Jewett man, was seriously hurt on Saturday last while trying out a new motor cycle. He was riding on one of the streets and struck a high cross walk, the jar threw him from the cycle, and he landed on his head, rendering him unconscious for about five hours. At last reports his condition was improving and it is hoped that he will fully recover.—Kane Republican.

—April 15 will witness the formal opening of the trout season and already the lovers of the sport are looking after their tackle in anticipation of the alluring "speckled beauties." This year the limit that may be caught in one day is forty and the season will close on July 31. None may be taken by any other method than with a rod and line and the minimum length is six inches. Not to heed this advice might prove costly.

—Easter services at the Methodist church were well attended both morning and evening. The church was decorated with Easter lilies, carnations and hyacinths. The choir rendered some beautiful Easter music in addition to the Easter hymns. The sermons both morning and evening dealt with themes appropriate to the Easter [illegible]. The Sunday school [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

—[illegible] caterpillars for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] as an article of [illegible]. Only the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] This particular kind of caterpillar [illegible] [illegible] country [illegible] [illegible] tree trunk [illegible] caterpillar [illegible] its [illegible].—Wide World Magazine.

—F. M. D. Watkins, Jr., who has held the position of chief clerk to the General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. Co. for a number of years, has resigned this position, same to take effect April 1. Mr. Watkins has accepted the position of eastern sales agent of the Shawmut Coal & Coke Co. and will make his headquarters at Binghamton, N. Y., where his family will move the first of the coming month. The many friends of Mr. Watkins and family will regret to learn of their departure from our midst.—Elk County Gazette.

—One day last week Decetive Jones went up into the Adirondacks and got a man who some time ago left the vicinity of Roulette and absentmindedly took along with him another man's wife and four children, leaving his own at home to become charges upon the county. "Billy" brought the whole bunch back with him and after explaining the situation thoroughly to the runaways and acting as mediator for them to the parts of families left at home, he finally succeeded in re-uniting both families and they are now all living happily together. No prosecutions will follow.

—Wendesday evening a 12-year-old girl from West Johnsonburg entered the Roussey & Sweeney store on Center street, and on one pretext or another lingered near the safe. Mr. Roussey was out at the time, the store being temporarily in charge of Miss Moseberger. While the clerk was in the back of the room it is thought the visitor reached a hand in the safe and extracted therefrom $7.12, which was missed shortly after the girl departed. Later when the matter was brought to the notice of the parents they promised to settle to escape prosecution.—Johnsonburg Press.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

Hair Goods.

Mrs. M. Donohue respectfully invites each and every lady of Smethport and vicinity to call at the store of Mrs. Carrie Clark Monday and Tuesday, April 4 and 5, and see her fine line of hair goods. Mrs. Donohue has just returned from New York City and has all the latest articles for hair dressing.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Edna Anderson of Colegrove spent Easter in town.

J. Clayton Backus left Monday on a business trip to Canada.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick were Buffalo visitors this week.

Walter A. Metcalf spent the Easter vacation in Rochester, N. Y.

Merle Cooper has gone to Carbondale, Pa., where he has work.

John B. Oviatt of Norwich was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

County Detective Jones was in Geneva, Waterloo and Utica, N. Y., last week.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was the guest of friends in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus was the guest of Bradford relatives and friends this week.

Miss Anna Dorry of Kane was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Leo Herzog, this week.

Thomas Camp, Orlo J. Hamlin and J. S. Walker had business in Shinglehouse yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest returned home Tuesday evening from an extended Southern trip.

Mrs. Emma Smith of Orchard Park, N. Y., spent Easter with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Brownell.

Miss Nellie Masser returned last Saturday to New York City after a short Easter vacation.

Harry Palmeter and Miss Dorothy McClellan of Erie were guests of Miss Sylvia Lawrence Monday.

J. W. Lee was in Buffalo this week to consult a specialist for troubles he has had since having the grip.

Jesse Cooper who is firing on the Pennsylvania Railroad, with headquarters at Oil City, was home over Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb H. Hopper were the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopper, of Hornell, N. Y., over Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. Tanner and son, John, of Bradford are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Abbey of East Smethport.

Miss [illegible] spent her Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. [illegible], returning to her [illegible] in Olean on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Masser of Waterbury, Conn., will arrive in town the [illegible] and Mr. Masser will [illegible] Fry & Comes.

[illegible] for New York City where [illegible] [illegible] Eastern trip.

[illegible] vacation. Miss [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] library of the Central State Normal School at Lock Haven is well selected and the books especially accessible. The library rooms are said to be handsomer than those of any other Normal School in the State. The remarkable success of the school's debating team in the Inter-Normal debates is due in a large measure to the library. The Spring term opens April 4th. Write the principal for a catalog.

Ladies who like Art Needlework are cordially invited to an Exhibit at Wright House. You will find the latest designs and materials for waists and suits direct from New York. Also everything for your homes. Free lessons to patrons and rooms open evenings. Choice Irish crochet and hand made Cluny and princess lace. Can only remain until Saturday evening.

A request by postal card addressed to Bell Bros., Olean, N. Y., will bring their 1910 catalogue of Ready-to-Wear garments. It should be preserved in every house for future reference.

For Sale

The property on cor. of King and Washington Sts., will be sold right.

C. M. COLEGROVE.

DO YOU

NEED A SUIT?

Are you particular about style? Are you particular about Fit? About the workmanship? About the trimings on the clothes?

IF YOU ARE

YOU MUST SEE OUR **SUITS** before buying elsewhere

We don't care how particular you are, we can satisfy you.

SUITS $7.50 to $22.50

Seen our 1910 Walkover Shoes? The latest in Oxfords and high cuts just arrived.

MONHEINER'S

Home Journal Patterns.

Fry & Comes.

Monarch Shirts.

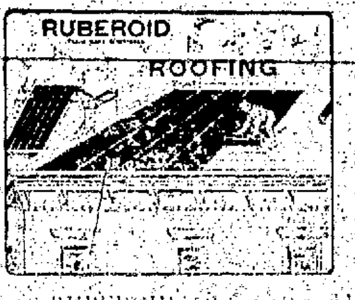
Carpets and Draperies.

Your attention please to our housejurnishing stocks for Spring. The cleaning and renewing time is here and you'll likels need some new shades, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Rugs, Linoleum, Oil Cloth, etc.

Our stocks are complete just now and values better than we have been able to offer in some time—This is most noticable in 9 x 12 Axminister Rugs of which we have some very choice patterns at $22.75. We think you would pronounce them bargains at $25.00. Better drop around and see the new stuff. Its worth your while.

RUGS—18 x 27 in. to 9 x 12 ft.	$1.00 to $38.00.
LINOLEUM—Mill ends and regular piece goods	45c to 60c.
WINDOW SHADES—Ecru, White and Green	25c to 85c
LACE CURTAINS—Nottingham, Irish Point, Brussels Net	50c to $6.50
PORTIERS—Latest ideas in nolor and design	$2.50 to $5.50

FRY & COMES.



WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

[illegible] which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

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CAPTURED AS SPIES

A Story of the Civil War.

By THOMAS GRISWOLD.

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"Butler's coming! Railroad track's all torn up and the telegraph wires cut! You boys had better get right back to Petersburg. I'm going there to give the alarm."

A dust covered farmer, mounted on a foaming horse, who had come tearing down the Richmond turnpike, shouted this startling news to two barefooted newsboys who were resting in the shade on the side of the turnpike, a few yards from the point where it crossed the Richmond and Petersburg railroad.

The time was in the early days of the siege of Petersburg, when General Benjamin F. Butler was operating on the James river.

The older of these two newsboys was fifteen. I will call him Jack. I was the younger one and was eleven years old.

We discussed the question whether we should go home or go on toward Richmond and endeavor to get a glimpse of General Butler, whom Confederate boys at that time regarded as a sort of monster.

We started at a brisk walk along the railroad, with our unsold stock of Richmond papers under our arms.

As we turned a curve near the Swift creek bridge we saw, about a mile beyond, a sight that greatly excited us. The air was full of black smoke, through which we saw an occasional flash of flames. Presently we came close enough to discover that the source of the flames was a great pile of telegraph poles and railroad ties.

"Butler's men did that," said Jack. "We'll have to be mighty cautious. Let's get into the ditch along the track and keep a sharp lookout."

Just beyond a slight rise of the ground north of the house was a Union encampment. The smoke lazily rose from a hundred campfires, and the white tents gleamed in the bright sunshine in a manner that was almost painful to the eyes.

Gradually it dawned upon us that the camp had been suddenly abandoned—so suddenly, indeed, that the dinners were left cooking on the fires, and all sorts of camp utensils and provisions were scattered promiscuously around.

We made straight for the big tent in front of which the flag was flying. Jack lowered the flag. With a beating heart I entered the tent. I found it littered with torn papers and maps. In one corner was a camp chest upon which were painted the words, "General B. F. Butler, U. S. A."

In a tent in the rear of General Butler's, which was probably used as a kitchen, we found a stock of provisions that set us wild with delight. We had little to eat at home and now had been for several hours without food.

A pot of coffee steamed on the fire in front of the tent. On the shelves inside was a boiled ham, and about it lay a variety of canned meats and fruits, while a chest was found to contain a quantity of freshly baked bread.

"Oh," said Jack, "if we only had a wagon we might carry home a lot of these things."

"Well," said I, "the next best thing is to tote home as much as we can on our backs. What are we going to take?"

"I reckon," said Jack, "that the folks at home would like tea and coffee best. They are scarcest."

We decided to load ourselves down with those two articles. We found some empty sacks and divided the contents of the sack of green coffee in General Butler's kitchen tent into two parts of thirty or forty pounds each. Then into two other sacks we poured a chest of Oolong tea. These were tied up and put inside the sacks containing coffee, and Jack also stuffed into his sack the flag in front of the general's tent, which he had taken down when he first entered the camp.

He suggested that I give him a part of my coffee in order to lighten the load, and at first I was inclined to do so, but when I thought how the people at home after many months' use of chicory, parched corn, roasted sweet potato parings and other poor substitutes for coffee would enjoy the genuine article I made up my mind that I would carry home the contents of the sack if I had to drag it over the entire five miles.

We had been so much excited with our discoveries that we had not noticed that the sun was very low. It would be dark before we could reach home. We gazed longingly at what we were leaving behind and started homeward.

We took the turnpike with the hope of getting a lift in some passing vehicle. As we trudged along we saw two Confederate cavalrymen riding toward us. In our fear lest they should rob us of our precious possessions we slouched along as near the woods as we could get, hoping they would pass without noticing us.

Vain hope! "Halt!" we heard one of them shout just as they were abreast of us. One of them, who was a corporal, dismounted.

He was a cruel looking fellow, and we soon discovered that his looks did not belie him. Walking up to Jack, he gruffly asked, "What have you got there?" and at the same time roughly jerked the sack from the terrified boy's shoulder.

Plunging his arm into the sack, he drew out the United States flag. At sight of this the corporal shouted, "Spies—traitors!" and danced about wildly.

It was useless for us to try to explain to the infuriated man, and, to tell the truth, we were too badly frightened to give a good account of ourselves.

"I'm going to carry you to General Beauregard's headquarters," the corporal said, "and you'll be shot as spies."

We believed him. It was not, therefore, with very good spirits that we started on our march to General Beauregard's headquarters.

We wished to throw our sacks away, but our captors would not allow it, so we plodded along, our loads on our backs and the corporal constantly threatening to thrash us for our slowness.

We turned out of the turnpike into a crossroad. I ventured to ask how far General Beauregard's headquarters were and received a cuff on the side of the head from the corporal. I asked the other soldier if he would not carry my sack behind him on his horse's back a little way. I believe he would have done so if the corporal had not forbidden it.

Just as we reached the top of a long hill and I was about to drop from fatigue I saw that we were near our journey's end. In front of us was a large building which before the days of railroads had been a roadside inn. Two guards slowly marched back and forth before the tumbledown steps that led to the porch, which extended across the front of the house and which was now crowded with soldiers, apparently couriers and orderlies.

As we reached the porch the soldiers began to rally the corporal upon his "baby prisoners." He made no reply, but stalked pompously through the open door after instructing his companion to hold us.

This was a useless instruction. We needed no holding except as we were, receiving from the floor of the porch, upon which we had fallen completely exhausted and where we remained until the corporal came out to summon us to the presence of General Beauregard.

"Bring the sacks," yelled the corporal as we started in without them.

I am certain that no murderers ever went to receive sentence of death with weaker knees than we had as we were pushed into the presence of General Beauregard.

I had my eyes shut, but opened them when I heard a low, kindly voice saying, "Well, my boys, what is the trouble?"

I saw seated at a little pine table a dapper little man in a gray uniform with small mustache and imperial and kind looking brown eyes. He was smiling straight into my eyes, and before I knew what I was doing I was smiling, too, and thinking that our lives were safe in the hands of a man who could smile like that.

Behind the general several men were busily engaged in writing, and scattered around the room were officers, whom I took to be members of the staff.

Every one was smiling in the pleasantest way. In fact, the only ill natured man in the room was the corporal who had brought us in.

"Well, well," the general repeated, "what is the trouble?"

The corporal began to answer, but the general said, "I have had your story. Now I want the boys' side."

Jack was much encouraged. He stepped forward and told a straightforward story of the way in which we had been arrested and of the corporal's brutal treatment of us.

"Shameful!" said the general as he looked at the corporal with angry eyes. Then, turning to Jack again, he said kindly, "Now tell me where you got the flag and other things."

"We got them from General Butler's abandoned camp on Shippen's farm," said Jack promptly.

"What! Are you telling the truth?" excitedly asked the general as he jumped up and walked around to where we were standing. At the same time the room was filled with the sound of rattling swords as the officers approached.

"Yes, sir, I am telling the truth," Jack answered proudly, looking the general straight in the eyes. Continuing, he told the whole story from beginning to end, not forgetting the dinner we had eaten in General Butler's kitchen tent.

General Beauregard held a whispered consultation with the officers present, and they soon hurried out. Turning to the corporal, the general said: "In view of the important information these boys have given me I forgive your foolish arrest and brutal treatment of them. You may go."

The corporal went out, crestfallen. By this time it had grown quite dark, and the military clerks were writing by the light of tallow candles. General Beauregard turned to one of them and gave instructions in a low tone. We sat down on a bench at the dark side of the room, apparently forgotten.

Presently the general walked over to where we were sitting and, placing his hand on my head, said, "I suppose you boys are anxious to get home?"

"Yes, sir," we answered, both at once.

"Well, I will send you home in my ambulance. Meantime accept my thanks for the important information you have brought me."

We drove home, the happiest boys in the world, in General Beauregard's private ambulance, with our precious sacks behind us. What a welcome we found at home and how our old government Java and Oolong were appreciated!

DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

He Was Not In the Colored Porter's Hall of Fame.

A southerner noted for the liberality of his tips stopped at a Baltimore hotel where negro porters predominated. His name was speedily known to every member of the serving fraternity and his every wish anticipated. Soon after his arrival he sent his card to a friend who made his home in the hotel, but whose temperament happened to be quite the opposite of that of his open handed caller—retiring, not given to "tipping" or any other form of sociability and who therefore lived almost unknown to those about him.

The old darky who received the card studied it for a full minute.

"'Scuse me, colonel," he said, "but I don't b'leebe nobody by dat name come here dis mawning."

"This morning!" returned the other. "Of course not! Mr. Blank has lived here for months. You know my name well enough, and I haven't been here a day. Do you mean to say you can't remember a man who has made his home here since some time last winter?"

"'Scuse me, colonel, sah," began the old man deferentially, "but you must know, sah"—as if uttering the subtlest compliment—"dat dere's gemmans what can make demselves more notorious in one day, sah, dan odder gemmans does in a year, sah!"—Youth's Companion.

THE SETTING SUN.

When Vulcan Sailed It Round the Ocean So It Could Rise Again.

The ancients had some queer theories whereby they sought to explain the rising and setting of the sun. They thought the earth to be flat and were greatly puzzled to know how the same sun which plunged into the ocean at a fabulous distance in the west could reappear the next morning at an equally great distance in the east. A number of remarkable theories were advanced, and every one of them was wrong.

Mythologists of old asserted that after the sun had dipped in the western ocean at sunset (the Iberians and other ancient nations actually imagined that they could hear the hissing of the waters when the glowing globe was plunged therein) he was seized by Vulcan and placed in a golden goblet. This strange craft, with its astonishing cargo, navigated the ocean by a northerly course, so as to reach the east again in time for sunrise the following morning.

Among the more sober physicists of old, as related by Aristotle, it was believed that in some manner the sun was conveyed by night across the northern regions and that darkness was due to mountains which screened off the sunbeams during the voyage.

Anticipation.

Lieutenant Shackleton tells how when in the antarctic wastes he and his companions sustained their spirits and their bodies as well when supplies had to be cut down to a minimum by dwelling upon the glorious eating they would have on returning to headquarters. The value of such mental sustenance has long been recognized by up to date commanders. There was the German officer in the war of 1870 who sustained the flagging spirits and weary legs of his men by shouting: "There is a brewery inside that town! Let us get there before anybody else!" History relates that the men did get there with remarkable speed. Equally shrewd was that Japanese commander in the Manchurian war who, seeing his men exhausted with thirst and knowing full well the wonderful properties of pickled plums, cried out, "Two miles from here there is a forest of plums." The anticipated plums went far to relieve their parched mouths.

What West Point Does For Its Cadets.

What West Point does for its cadets is precisely this: It takes its youth at the critical period of growth; it isolates them completely for nearly four years from the vicious influences that corrupt young manhood and from the atmosphere of commercialism; it provides absorbing employment for both mental and physical activities; it surrounds them with exacting responsibilities, high standards and exalted traditions of honor and integrity, and it demands a rigid accountability for every moment of their time and for every voluntary action. It offers them the inducements of an honorable career and a sufficient competence as a reward of success, and it has imperative authority for the enforcement of its conditions and restraints.—Colonel Charles W. Larned in National Magazine.

Silver Service.

"Can I get the silver service for the fire department?" inquired a young man at the free library.

"The what?" asked the girl at the desk.

"The silver service for the fire department—the questions they ask you when you take the silver service examinations, you know."—Newark News.

Knew What She Was Doing.

Pastor—I was sorry for your wife during the sermon this morning, doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon her.

Doctor—Don't you be unduly alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time.

His Stroke of State.

She—I'll wager you have told lots of other girls that you loved them. He—Well, if such has been my misguided career it is now in your hands to put a stop to it.

Without foresight judgment fails by its own weight.—Horace.

THE BABY TURTLE.

He Has to Paddle His Own Canoe From the Moment of Birth.

Just as soon as a baby turtle emerges from the egg off he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious little brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that until a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish, and he at once seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process.

Whatever the young sea turtle eats and whenever he eats it, facts not generally ascertained, one thing is certain—it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him.—Harper's Weekly.

LINCOLN'S LESSON.

The Way He Learned to Tell When a Thing Is Proved.

Abraham Lincoln was once asked how he acquired his wonderful logical powers and his acuteness in analysis.

Lincoln replied: "It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me. When I was a young man I went into an office to study law. I saw that a lawyer's business is largely to prove things. I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?' That was a poser. What constitutes proof? Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? I groaned over the question and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell.' Then I thought what use is it for me to be in a law office if I can't tell when a thing is proved?

"So I gave it up and went back home. Soon after I returned to the old log cabin I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion of what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I therefore began at the beginning, and before spring I had gone through the old Euclid's geometry and could demonstrate every proposition in the book. Then in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know when a thing is proved?' and I answered, 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop,' and I went."

Tombs of Abelard and Heloise.

Of the hundreds of thousands who make a pilgrimage to Pere Lachaise on All Saints' day few doubt the authenticity of the most famous tombs. One in particular is never questioned—that of Heloise and Abelard, the story of whose unhappy love is so grandly told by Pope. This monument is the work of Alexander Lenoir, the sculptor, and dates toward the end of the revolution. The tomb was built by Lenoir with fragments of a chapel of the convent of the Paraclete at Nogent-sur-Marne, of which Heloise was the abbess. Lenoir managed to bring some glass from the windows of the old chapel, and two medallions which adorn the tomb the sculptor purchased from a religious house in Paris. This is all that is genuine about the tomb.—London Globe.

That Headache!

"This is such a beautiful treat," said the impecunious man at the matinee where they went on her pass, "that I want to take you to dinner afterward if my headache gets better."

"Is your headache getting better?" she asked him after the second act.

"It's terrible," said he. "I can hardly see."

After the third act she again approached the subject. "How does your headache seem to be getting?" she queried solicitously.

"Worse and worse," he frowned.

When the performance was over he held his head with both hands. "My head aches so," he moaned, "I'm afraid I'll die of it."

"I knew it," said she as they walked on home.—New York Press.

Enlightened.

"Before I married," said Mr. Henpeck, "I didn't know what it meant to support a wife."

"I presume you know now."

"Yes, indeed. I looked up the word 'support' in the dictionary and discovered that one of its meanings is 'endure.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Spoiling a Poet.

"He has been spoiled as a poet."

"How so?"

"A judge recently gave him thirty days in default of a ten dollar fine."

"How does that spoil him as a poet?"

"Oh, it gave him an exaggerated idea of the value of his time."—Pittsburg Post.

A Ready Compliment.

She—Some day I want to show you our family tree. He (looking at her admiringly)—I should like to see it. I am sure it must be a peach.—Somerville Journal.

One Thing He Hadn't Done.

Howell—You are getting absentminded. Powell—Well, I never yet have blacked my teeth and put tooth powder on my shoes.—New York Press.

"ANOTHER'S SHOES."

A Phrase That Had Its Origin In an Ancient Custom.

The expression "stepping into another's shoes," like many another common phrase, had its origin in an ancient custom.

The old Norse law required that a person to be adopted must step into a previously prepared shoe. This shoe was made from the skin taken from the right hind leg of a "three-winters-old bull."

The skin was flayed from above the hock, and out of this the shoe was made. The person to be adopted stepped into this shoe, taking into his arms one at a time, it is presumed, the younger sons of the man making the adoption. If there were also sons who were of age they stepped into the shoe afterward, by this sign showing their consent to the adoption.

A man in this way could adopt an illegitimate son, making him his lawful heir, but in that case the father was obliged to step into the shoe first. If there were any full grown sons, they stepped into the shoe afterward; if there were no full grown sons, then the next of kin did the stepping, and without his consent, by the way, this special adoption could not be made.

Witnesses to the ceremony in the use of the shoe were required to establish its legality.

It will be seen that this was considered an important ceremony, and since so much "shoe stepping" was done it is not strange that the expression as now used passed into common speech.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OSTRICH BATTLES.

The Great Birds, as Strong as Horses, Box With Their Feet.

Ostriches battle for supremacy with as much ferocity as stags, bulls, buffaloes and other animals. An ostrich fight is amusing, inasmuch as it amounts practically to a boxing match with the feet, wherein the combatants lightly dance around each other.

There is, however, this difference—if any human boxer could hit as hard with his hands as can an ostrich with its feet the championship would be decided by a single blow. In sparring the ostrich stands on one foot, with the other foot and the wings raised, the bill wide open and the neck distended. He strikes with the force of a trip hammer.

Sometimes on an ostrich farm a keeper will become involved in such a mixup, in which event it is not infrequently the case that the human emerges from the scrap with a broken leg, arm or head.

Under modern training an ostrich rivals a horse in power, and indeed can perform many of the "stunts" whereof the equine collection is capa[illegible] [illegible] cels the horse, for by the aid of its wings the ostrich can leave behind the swiftest running thoroughbred. In fairness an ostrich has at Hot Springs, Ark., paced in about a horse's time.—Harper's Weekly.

His Unlucky Day.

Even the least superstitious are often struck by the misfortunes which always befall some persons on certain dates. A large firm in this city has in its employ a living instance of the fact. On June 12 an employee lost his left arm by coming in contact with machinery. The accident disabled him for his then employment, and he was given that of a messenger. On another June 12 he was run over in the Strand while on an errand. Result, a broken leg. The next accident was a fall on the stairs in the firm's buildings—again June 12—the right arm broken this time. The fourth mishap on another anniversary broke three ribs. The firm took the case into consideration and issued an order that in future the employee was to take a holiday on that date, an order with which he has now complied for several years.—London Chronicle.

His Second Thought.

A politician named Blank got a place for a clerk during one of the sessions of the legislature of his state. The clerk was very grateful, says the Saturday Evening Post. At the end of the session he came around to Blank and said: "Mr. Blank, I want to tell you how much I am indebted to you for your kindness in getting me the place I have had. It meant more to me, Mr. Blank, than you may think. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Also I want to say, Mr. Blank, that if there ever comes a time when I can do anything for you—anything at all—you are to command me. I will do anything you may ask me to do. I am at your service."

Blank thanked the man, and he started to go. As he reached the door he turned and said, "Of course, Mr. Blank, I would prefer that it should be something honorable."

Could Fill the Bill.

Superintendent—What we want is a night watchman that'll watch, alert and on the qui vive for the slightest noise or indications of burglars, somebody who can sleep with one eye and both ears open and is not afraid to tackle anything. See? Applicant—I see, boss. I'll send my wife around.—Lippincott's.

Took It Back.

"I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the courtroom and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.

Then the judge pondered.—Judge.

More than we use is more than we need and only a burden to the bearer.—Seneca.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, M. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. [illegible], Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. M. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. M. Anderson, Clermont; A. H. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdett S. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Siever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, S. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Hamm.
Justices—H. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Hastman, H. H. Hedfield; John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—H. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meeting.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA D. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. H. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
W. B. HOPPER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 12 m.; [illegible] Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; general prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Service and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. P. Dugan, pastor. Service at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—A. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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EMBALMING

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MRS. TRIPP'S CHINA TEA SET.

How It Brought Discord Among Rival Inheritants.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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When good old Mr. and Mrs. Tripp died within a week of each other there was, I regret to say, an immediate disagreement among their heirs over the small property left by the old people.

Such disagreements are so shamefully common now that this one might not have excited any particular interest had it not been for the somewhat peculiar nature of the article over which the cupidity of the various heirs had asserted itself.

Few indeed were the possessions Mr. and Mrs. Tripp left behind them. They did not own even the humble little brown house in which they had lived for the past ten years, and when their funeral expenses had been paid there was not a dollar left of the sum found in an old pewter teapot on the top shelf of the red cupboard in the kitchen. Frugal as they had been, it was evident that this sum represented the sum total of their savings of many years.

But Mr. and Mrs. Tripp had not always been so poor as they were at the last, and there was one of Mrs. Tripp's possessions which she had always exhibited with pride as a relic of her better days and as undeniable proof of the fact that there had been a time when she "had had a plenty."

Over this her relatives now disputed. What was it? Only a white china tea set, each piece of which had a broad gold band around the rim.

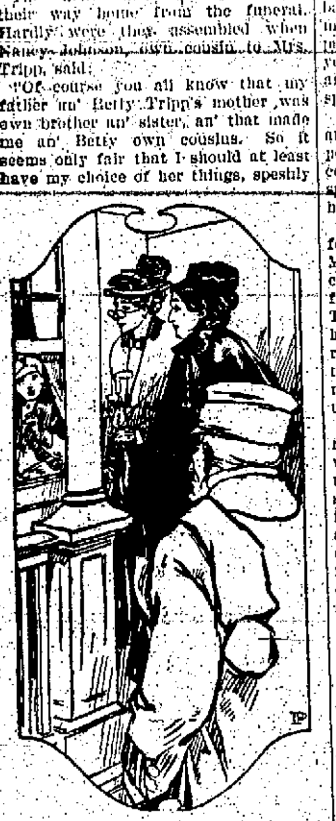
"It's pure chany," Mrs. Tripp would often say, with a thrill of pride, as she held a saucer or a plate before the eyes of her visitors. "See how thin it is. You kin look right through it. Solomon give it to me on our tenth wedding day. He was in the grocery business then an' doin' well, an' he'd gone to New York to buy goods an' when he come home he brung this, all packed so carefully in straw that they wa'n't a piece broke, but one of the sass dishes was cracked a little, an' I never used it none, so it ain't never broke either. I think the world an' all of my chany."

The dearly prized "chany" had for [illegible] whatnot in a corner of Mrs. Tripp's best room. There was nothing else on the whatnot but two big "chany" dogs, one a reddish brown and the other a dark blue, which looked as though they felt themselves responsible for the safety of the dishes and intended being faithful to their trust.

Mr. and Mrs. Tripp had no children, but they had some relatives, cousins and second cousins and more remote connections. These relatives were numerous, however; just how numerous they were was made manifest when it came to dividing the few personal belongings of the old people.

The "heirs" met at the house on their way home from the funeral. Hardly were they assembled when Nancy Johnson, own cousin to Mrs. Tripp, said:

"Of course you all know that my father an' Betty Tripp's mother was own brother an' sister, an' that made me an' Betty own cousins. So it seems only fair that I should at least have my choice of her things, spesbly when I might claim 'em all. But I ain't one to act selfish, an' I'm willin' you should all have your sheer of what's left after I've packed up Betty's chany tea set an'"—



POLITELY BUT FIRMLY REFUSING ADMITTANCE.

"I knowed that was what you was goin' to say," interrupted Mrs. Cephas King, "an' I can tell you that Solomon Tripp was my own cousin, an' the tea things was as much his as they was Betty's, an' I've as much right to 'em as you have!"

A thin, sharp voice came from a corner of the room.

"Betty Tripp told me ag'in an' ag'in," it said, "that she wanted me to have them dishes when she was done with 'em. She said"—

"She told me the same thing," interposed Mrs. Cyrus Masterson, who was only a third cousin.

"I took more care of her endurin' her sickness than anybody else," interrupted Second Cousin Beulah Hovey, "an' one day we was talkin' 'bout the chany, an' Betty says, says she, 'Beulah,' says she, ''bout that chany tea set,' says she, 'I'd as leave you had it as any one an' a little leaver.'"

"Them's the very words she said to my wife," put in Mr. Ezra Simmons, a little old man with a feminine face and voice. "An' Betty was a own cousin of mine."

"An' of mine!" said a tall woman in rusty black near the whatnot on which the coveted china stood.

So the strife continued until there was no possibility of an amicable adjustment of the claims of the various claimants. They finally left the house and the china in possession of Miss Selina Sharpe, a lady of about fifty years, who, although an own cousin of Mr. Tripp, had put forward no claim to the china, declaring that she had no wish to claim it.

"But there's one thing certain," said Miss Sharpe as she closed the door behind the last of the "heirs," "there shan't one of 'em step their foot into this house again to touch the chany or anything else until it's settled by law who has a right to 'em. I've rented the house myself of its owner, an' I won't have my doors darkened by any of them."

Miss Sharpe adhered to this resolution, politely but firmly refusing admittance to several of the claimants who called during the following week "to talk it over" with her and possibly to carry the china home in triumph.

Besides the china, there was nothing among Mr. and Mrs. Tripp's few poor belongings that the relatives coveted, all of the furniture of any value having been sold or given in payment of a few bills that came in after the funeral.

Accordingly Miss Sharpe was soon left in undisturbed possession of what was left, and the china, guarded by the faithful dogs, still rested on the old walnut whatnot three weeks after the old couple to whom it had given pleasure had been laid away in the little cemetery behind the village church.

Mrs. Cephas King and Nancy Johnson had been next door neighbors and very warm friends up to the time the dispute over the china arose, but now, alas, they scornfully passed by without a word or smile of recognition when they met, and the King children were forbidden to have anything at all to do with the Johnson children.

Mrs. Cyrus Masterson [illegible] Beulah Hovey [illegible] pleasant little [illegible] other. Now all was changed. [illegible] path was [illegible] Mrs. Masterson carefully gathered up her skirts when she met Mrs. Hovey on the street lest they should suffer contamination by coming into contact with those of her once beloved neighbor.

Mrs. Ezra Simmons returned a certain basque pattern she had borrowed of Selina Sharpe with a note stating that "in consequence of the course you have seen fit to pursue in relation to my husband's own dear, dead cuzzen's chany tea things, which now rightfully belongs to me, I return the inclosed bask pattern an' would thank you for my cup cake receet an' my polynay pattern, not desiring that anything of yours should remain in my possession, an' visa versy, an' that we do not speak to each other from this date."

So it was that there were discord and enmity where there had once been peace and harmony. Not one of the contending claimants condescended to speak to any of her rivals to the inheritance.

A month had passed and the bad feeling was at its height when Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Simmons one evening concluded to spend an hour with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Deacon Drewe. The deacon and his wife were not at home when Mr. and Mrs. Simmons arrived, but Sally, the maidservant, said that she was expecting them every moment and invited the callers to wait until their return.

They had waited in the parlor a few moments when the bell rang and Sally was heard to tell other callers that her master and mistress would be in very soon and to invite them also to come in and wait. Directly afterward Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Masterson were ushered in. Seeing the Simmonses, the newcomers haughtily withdrew to a corner of the parlor and sat down in silence.

A third ring of the bell and Mrs. Beulah Hovey appeared at the parlor door. She gave the previous occupants of the parlor a stony stare and then went to sit stiffly erect in the center of a sofa, where she seemed engaged in studying intently the pattern of the paper on the wall.

Perfect silence ensued for a moment when the bell again rang and Nancy Johnson's voice was heard at the door. When Mr. and Mrs. Drewe followed all these callers into the parlor, strange as it may seem, they had with them Mrs. Cephas King, who was too courageous a woman to be in the least daunted by what she beheld. She calmly seated herself in a comfortable rocking chair and composedly returned Mrs. Nancy Johnson's stare.

While Mr. and Mrs. Drewe were vainly endeavoring to start a general conversation the village fire bell rang for the first time in many months. The fire company consisted of those who could be first in getting to a small room in the rear of the postoffice, where there were six fire extinguishers and a hand reel and hose.

The entire population of the village was in the street in less than five minutes after the first sounding of the bell, and it was soon known that the fire was in the little brown house lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, but now in the possession of Miss Selina Sharpe.

The first comers found the present tenant of the cottage flying wildly around, throwing her few belongings into the street and screaming "Fire!" at the top of her voice.

When the occupants of Mr. Drewe's parlor reached the cottage they found the roof in flames and smoke pouring from the windows, while the fire company was still in the distance.

"Has my chany been got out yet?" shrieked Nancy Johnson.

"Your chany?" said Cyrilla Mills, who was only a fourth cousin.

"I'd say 'my chany,'" said Beulah Hovey.

"It won't be anybody's if it ain't got out o' there right off!" shrieked Ezra Simmons.

At that instant the men appeared in the smoking doorway trying to balance the whatnot and its contents between them. The blue dog toppled over and fell to pieces on the stone step as they reached the door. The brown one threatened to do the same, and the cups and other dishes were swaying unsteadily from side to side.

"Be careful of my dishes!" cried Mrs. Mills.

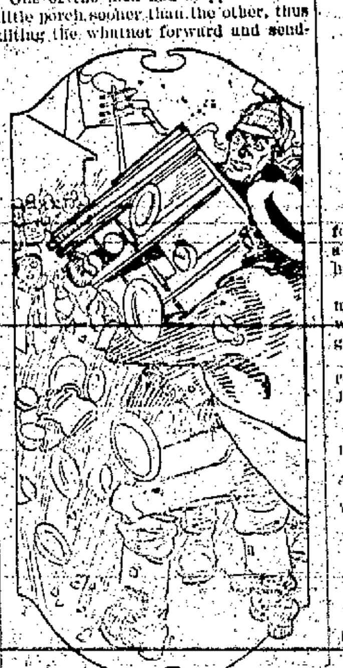
"Your—oh!"

"Oh!"

"O-o-o-h!"

"If that ain't too bad!"

One of the men had stepped off the little porch sooner than the other, thus tilting the whatnot forward and sending every piece of the cherished china down with a crash on the brick walk before the door.



DOWN WITH A CRASH.

The several heirs looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then Beulah Hovey suddenly cried out, with a hysterical little laugh, "Well, what geese we be!"

"So we are, Beulah, so we are," acquiesced Ezra Simmons. "I'd never have made any fuss about the old chany only for Emmeline making me do it."

This frank confession of the ascendency of Mrs. Simmons created a laugh, in which every one joined.

There were several waggish fellows in the crowd who turned the occasion into one of such merriment that even grim Mrs. Johnson was found chuckling half aloud, while Thyrza Masterson and Mrs. Simmons, being at heart good natured and keenly susceptible to even poor wit, laughed louder than any one else and walked home together side by side in the most amicable manner. That was the end of all ill feeling over the china as well as the end of the china itself.

An Australian Blowhole.

A great natural curiosity is the "blowhole" on the Australian coast near Kiama, in the colony of New South Wales. It may be found in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea. With each successive breaker the ocean spray is sent shooting up into the air, sometimes from 300 to 400 feet, accompanied by a rumbling noise as of distant thunder, which can be heard for miles. This "blowhole" consists of a perpendicular cavity, nearly circular, with a diameter of about ten yards, and has the appearance of being a crater of an extinct volcano. It is connected with the ocean by a cave about a hundred yards in length. Into this cave waves rush during stormy weather, and as the cave extends some distance farther into the rock than the "blowhole" on the entrance of each wave this hole becomes full of compressed air, which, when the tension becomes too great, blows the water with great force up the perpendicular opening.—London Standard.

The Giraffe's Timidity.

A giraffe is very timid on hearing slight sounds, but is indifferent to loud ones. A writer in the Leisure Hour says: "Noisy sounds, like a man walking by with hobnail boots, it does not notice, but a lady coming in with hardly more sound than the rustling of her dress makes it start, with pricked ears and eyes distended. We remember well, after a terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the canal, asking the keeper of the giraffes of that day how they had taken it, and he said he was surprised how very little notice they took. They jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again when they found nothing happened. "But," he added, "if I were at nighttime to creep along that gallery in my socks they would be so scared that I believe they would dash themselves to bits. They fear the lurking foe."

How to Succeed.

Run, says the sprinter.
Study, says the teacher,
Ad, says the printer.
Pray, says the preacher.
Fight, says the fighter.
Sail, says the sailor.
Write, says the writer.
Sew, says the tailor.

Hunt, says the hunter.
Bake, says the baker,
Kick, says the punter,
Bite, says the faker.
Drum, says the drummer.
Speed, says the chauffeur.
Plumb, says the plumber.
Loaf, says the loafer.
—Boston Herald.

Not In the Thunderbolt.

"I sent you a communication a day or two ago," said the indignant caller, "and you wouldn't print it just because it didn't happen to agree with your views."

"What was it about?" asked the editor of the Morning Thunderbolt.

"It was about woman suffrage."

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"You threw it in the wastebasket, I presume."

"I presume I did."

"My object, sir, was to show that a good deal can be said on both sides."

"Well, you said it, all right, sir—on both sides of the sheet. That's the reason why you can't say it in the Thunderbolt. Good morning, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

A Woman's Protest.

When some sensation happens,
Some man gets in disgrace,
With sneering air men say, "Of course
There's a woman in the case."

But this is oft forgotten—
That since the world began
There's been no woman in a case
In which there was no man.
—Boston Transcript.

The Last Straw.

An attendant at a Kansas institute for the deaf and dumb was undergoing a pointless rapid fire inquisition at the hands of a female visitor.

"But how do you summon these poor mutes to church?" she asked finally, with what was meant to be a pitying glance at the inmates near by.

"By ringing the dumbbells, madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.—Judge.

[illegible]

[illegible] Star.

[illegible] "Daughter," [illegible] couldn't bear to have you hurt by hearing people say you married me for my money."—Chicago News.

Compensation.

[illegible]
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Geographic Variations.

"Civilization," remarked the cannibal king, "promotes some strange ideas."

"To whom do you especially refer?" inquired the missionary.

"Among you the ultimate consumer is regarded with sympathy. Here he is considered very lucky."—Washington Star.

Tricksy Fortune.

Knocks fortune once at each man's door,
But—changeful maid and archly gay!—
At sound of footfalls on the floor
She turns and, laughing, runs away!
—Atlanta Constitution.

All the Difference.

The Editor—In your last batch of jokes there is one on the subject of freezing to death in a steam heated flat. Do you call that funny?

The Jester—Yes. Don't you?

The Editor—No. I live in a steam heated flat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

High Moral Ground.

The moral ground some men are found
To take is high enough;
But, after all, the highest ground
Is frequently a bluff.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Coming and Going.

Drummer—Do you make much money by marrying eloping couples?

Justice of the Peace—Yes. I get $5 each fer marryin' 'em, and as they usually come in autos I get $50 more by finin' 'em for exceeding the speed limit.—Kansas City Times.

Parting at the Slide.

Bold Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To slide in winter weather.
Jack made a slip; Jill cut her lip.
No more they slide together.
—Boston Herald.

Uncle Ezra Says:

"There is consitterbul danger now thet the av'ridge American farmer will neglect his hoein' in watchin' fur arypianes."—Boston Herald.

Would She?

They say that riches do but cloy.
The woman with a bale
Of coin would probably not enjoy
A twenty-nine cent sale.
—Pittsburg Post.

Sort of a Bank.

Henderson—Man requires change.

Henpeck (sadly)—He does, but his wife usually gets it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Briefly Told.

"No more chance
The chips to stack."
"Why, oh, why?"
"My wife is back."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

But She Was.

"Has he a publicity agent?"

"Well, he doesn't call his wife that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Shooting Match

As Which One of the Parties Was Sure to Win.

By AINSWORTH RHODES.

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The first time I saw Daisy she was coming over her father's broad acres on a horse whose lope was very like a rocking chair. She was riding straddle with divided skirts. No other woman on the ranches thereabout would ride in any other costume. Barker was riding beside her, and the two made a very handsome pair. The brim of his sombrero was flattened against his forehead by the wind, a lariat hung at his saddle bow, and his splendid figure was revealed by his costume—viz, flannel shirt and trousers, with boots to his knee.

Daisy had gone out from the east with her father, who became a sheep raiser, and she had become fascinated with ranch life. Unfortunately she had conceived a romantic idea of the genus cowboy, and, Barker being physically a perfect type, she had persuaded herself, or, rather, he had persuaded her, that he was just the man for her. I say "unfortunately" because he was not an educated man and in every way beneath her. There were other features about him to render him undesirable, which will appear presently.

The couple passed me, all of us saluting, though they were unknown to me, and I rode on to the ranch house, where I had business with John Nolan with reference to a large purchase of wool. While dickering with him on his veranda up the roadway came the couple I had met and alighted at the foot of the steps. Throwing their bridle reins over a post, they walked up on to the veranda. Then I learned that Daisy was Nolan's daughter.

As the pair passed into the house I noticed a cloud flit over the face of the girl's father. I knew by Barker's bearing toward her that he was in love with her, and I judged that his attentions were not at all liked by Nolan. But he said nothing to me then, and we went on with our dickering. When I [illegible]

"There's no place about here," [illegible] "where you'll be comfortable except my house. [illegible] for your traps."

I accepted the invitation, [illegible] of being under the same roof with Miss Daisy. I knew [illegible] attraction for her did not then go so far as to intend to come between them. I merely liked the idea of being near her during my stay.

But I stayed a good while, and it was not long before she and I each made a discovery. I discovered that I wanted her, and she discovered that she didn't want Barker. Meanwhile I found out something else—that he had become frightfully jealous of me and if I took her away from him he would probably kill me. At first he and I spoke to each other when we met either on the ranch or elsewhere. Then he only noticed me at the Nolan house.

I thought it best after awhile to remove to the so called hotel, a mile from Nolan's. If anything happened between Barker and myself I preferred that it should not happen under Nolan's roof. So one day I removed my luggage to my new quarters.

One morning I was sitting on the porch of the hotel smoking a brierwood pipe. Barker came out of the barroom, where he had been drinking, and took a seat about thirty feet from me. I didn't know he was there till, turning my head, I saw him out of the corner of my eye sighting his revolver at me.

Naturally I started.

"Hold on there," said Barker. "Your pipe makes a fine target. We don't allow people to smoke such expensive pipes out here!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when I felt a faint tick on the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of a gun and knew that a bullet had passed through the pipe.

"Wait up!" he growled as I was about to rise. "Your pipe won't draw with a hole in it, but it's still a mighty good target."

I snatched a look at him. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. I felt sure that if I didn't let him shoot at my pipe he would shoot at me and nerved myself to stand another shot. Indeed, this was all I could do, for I was unarmed. But a cold chill ran down my back and a cold sweat stood out all over me. Nevertheless I put up a pretty good front. I sat with comparative composure, occasionally letting a faint cloud of tobacco smoke escape from between my lips, but not daring to move a hairbreadth for fear of interfering with the man's aim.

Several persons from inside the hotel, having heard a shot, came out to discover who had been killed. They arrived just in time to see the second shot and the top of the bowl of my pipe cut off. They at once took in the situation, and, seeing me coolly puffing, not knowing my internal condition, they cried out, "Good pluck, stranger!" "Steady nerve!" "He ain't no tenderfoot!" and such like compliments.

Presently a third shot shattered what was left of the bowl of my pipe, and only the stem remained in my mouth. Whether my nerve made Barker half ashamed of himself or that he was headed off by the admiration of the others I don't know, but he desisted from further shooting. I fancy, however, he was satisfied with what he had doubtless intended for a warning that if I took Daisy Nolan away from him I would have to face sure sleuth. The witnesses urged me to go in and have something, but I declined, saying that I was anxious for a smoke and would go upstairs for another pipe. The truth is I wanted a chance to go where I could, unobserved, give way to my feelings for a few moments, they having been controlled only by a most desperate effort.

When I was alone I staggered to the bed, fell on it and for a few minutes trembled like a leaf. But when I began to recover I started to get mad at the same time. Men will fight more desperately for a woman than for any other cause, and it occurred to me that, Daisy being the bone of contention, if she preferred me either Barker or I must die. I spent some time considering what to do, then went to the ranch, intending to offer myself to Daisy. If she refused me I would leave the field at once to all suitors. If she accepted me I would have it out with Barker.

I found Miss Daisy very much excited. She had heard of Barker's shooting escapade and had turned bitterly against him. I told her that I wanted her and if she wanted me I was willing to settle the matter between Barker and myself. Her reply was all I could have asked for, but she positively forbade my coming into collision with my rival. I told her frankly that I believed he would kill me if I married her and that the matter had better be settled before the wedding. Being a woman, she wished to get round the matter by subterfuge and for the time being would consent to nothing definite.

Daisy was very fond of an old rancher called Jake Huchins. To her he was "Uncle Jake." A day or two after Barker's shooting as I was riding over the country on horseback Huchins came up behind me and ambled alongside of me.

"I heard about the shootin' o' your pipe outen yer mouth," he said. "It's the Daisy was tellin' me about it."

"Oh. It was Miss Nolan who told you, was it?"

"Yes. And, what's more, she asked me to suggest some way o' settlin' the matter without blood spillin'."

"That's impossible," said I.

"So I thought at first, but arter awhile I thought of a plan. Barker's mighty proud o' his shootin', and [illegible] pretty much made up his mind that he's lost Daisy. I reckon he'd agree to settle the matter by a trial o' skill between him and you. He'd consider it his only chance."

"I'm no shot. Such a contest would give Miss Daisy to him, and she [illegible]"

"Not so fast. You don't need to be much of a shot. Could you hit a hen's egg at twenty feet?"

"I might in two or three shots."

"Well, I give Daisy my plan, and she's decided to try it. Here's a note for you, and here's a note for Barker. Whichever hits a hen's egg with a [illegible] the most often [illegible] shots she'll marry."

He handed me a note to that effect from Daisy and showed me another he was commissioned to deliver to Barker.

"Do you consent?" he added, drawing rein.

"Yes," I said; "I consent to anything Daisy desires."

Without waiting for more he turned about and rode back in the direction from whence he came.

The next day Uncle Jake informed me that Barker had gladly agreed to the terms.

On the appointed day I made my appearance at the barn, wondering what was to be the upshot of this singular contest. I found an egg suspended over a basket by a fine thread. I won the toss and with it the right to fire five consecutive shots at the egg. I missed the first and the fourth, but put a hole in the egg on the second, third and the fifth. For my life I could not see why I had not lost. It would be nothing for Barker to hit the egg every time.

A new egg was attached to the thread for him to shoot at, and, whipping out his revolver, he fired with apparent carelessness. He was surprised to see the egg oscillate violently, but the shell was not broken. The next time he fired he took careful aim, but with no better success. He was thunderstruck. Since I had hit the egg three times he could now only tie me.

"You must hit it in the center," said Uncle Jake. "If you don't you'll glance."

Barker aimed long and carefully at the center and sent the egg bobbing, but still the shell was unbroken. Flinging his revolver on the barn floor, he strode away.

I knew that Barker had been tricked, but could not conceive how. It appeared to me that nothing could be more fair than the trial. I asked Uncle Jake how he had managed to let me, a poor shot, beat the best shot in the territory. He would not tell me. Barker was never seen there again. Daisy had induced him to sign a promise that if I beat him he would leave the field clear for me.

I married Daisy and took her east with me. She said she had had enough of the wild west and had no further use for cowboys, not considering them the romantic creatures she had thought them when she first went to the country. She learned the secret of the shooting match from Uncle Jake the day we were married and told it to me on our wedding journey. The meat had been taken from the egg Barker shot at, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the wind of the ball. To hit it was impossible.

Uncle Jake had learned the trick from a prestidigitator who had passed through the locality with a circus.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

An Editor's Telegram That Had a Double Meaning.

By LOUISE OSBORN.

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"Miss Bradley!"

"In a minute, Mr. Dunn," said Helen Bradley as she tossed her hat on the top of her desk, hung her coat carefully on a peg in the wall and crowded her gloves into a pigeonhole marked "Recipes."

Then she gave an adjusting pat to her hair and hurried through the door connecting her little room with the office of the Sunday editor of the Star.

"Good morning, Miss Bradley," said Mr. Dunn, just as he had said it every morning since, five years before, Helen Bradley had begun to work on the woman's page of the Star. "I'm going away tomorrow morning, and I'm going to ask you to do some of my work."

Helen gave a startled "Oh, I'm sorry you're going!" blushed and regained her usual businesslike voice. "Very well," she said. "What work?"

"I'll tell Jimmie to give you all manuscripts addressed to me. Open them. Read the stuff that's sent in and pass on it. You've helped me out so many times, I guess you know a good thing when you see it as well as I do. I'm putting it right up to you, Miss Bradley. That's all, thank you."

John Dunn swung round in his chair.

"Hello!" he said into the telephone receiver. "Give me the composing room."

Helen heard him calling emphatically and urgently for overdue proofs as she closed the connecting door between the rooms.

Then she sat down to wonder why Mr. Dunn was going so suddenly away and to map out her two pages for the next week's Sunday paper.

The day was a hard one for the editor of the Star woman's page. The photographer telephoned that there wasn't enough sunlight and the fashion photographs wouldn't be ready until the next day.

The "beauty" writer sent word that she had a cold and couldn't get her copy in on time possibly.

Mr. Siddons, the managing editor, came in to say that he didn't think much of the new series of fashion articles Helen was running.

Her typewriter broke down, and she had to wait two hours for a man to fix it. Five o'clock found her still at her desk, struggling to think of something besides hash to tell about in the column she was writing on "How to Make Attractive Leftover Luncheon Dishes."

"Oh, Miss Bradley!" Mr. Dunn came into her room, his coat on and his hat in his hand. "I forgot to tell you. Don't be soft hearted and accept things just because you think the writer looks pinched and poor, the way you did those fashion articles Siddons kicked about. To go the stuff's got to have plenty of human interest, you know. It's got to have personal appeal. Remember that."

Then he looked at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes in the bright circle under the green drop light over her desk.

"What's the matter?" he said, for a moment the tone of the businesslike editor giving place to that of a sympathetic fellow worker. "You're tired, Miss Bradley. Shut up your desk and go home. Tomorrow you'll be fresh and things will go better. Jove," he added, "it's a shame to pile extra work on you!"

"Oh, Mr. Dunn," said Helen, "I don't a bit mind! And I'm awfully glad to do it for you. I'll try not to make any dreadful blunders."

Helen smiled as they shook hands. "Goodby," she said. "I hope you'll enjoy your trip."

Then as he went out of the room she said to herself: "Now, I must remember. Human interest and personal appeal." And she scribbled the two phrases down on a slip of paper and pinned it to her calendar.

By the time John Dunn had been away from the office a week Helen had several times had recourse to the two watchwords he had given her.

The task of passing on manuscripts was always a hard one for Helen. She knew a good article when she saw it, as the Sunday editor had said; but, as he had also hinted, her sound business sense was too often overcome by her imagination.

If the copy she read was written with a well worn typewriter ribbon, if the paper seemed cheap or the ink looked watered, Helen was always disposed in favor of the article.

"I suppose," she said to herself more than once, "that a really good editor—like Mr. Dunn, for instance—doesn't pay a bit of attention to anything but the story itself."

And with the desire always before her to discharge her added responsibilities in a way that would please the absent editor Helen read the articles submitted to her in her most professional manner and submitted them all to the tests of "human interest" and "personal appeal."

As the week passed Helen found that her desire to please the grave and dignified Sunday editor was not only a desire to do her work well. With some annoyance she realized how much she had grown to depend on his friendly "Good morning" and "Good night."

She called herself foolish, for she remembered that from the time she had begun to work for the Star Mr. Dunn had never shown her more than the whole hearted friendliness he showed every one who worked for him.

"Well," she said to herself one morning as she looked into his empty room, "he's been gone just a week. I don't know whether I'd rather have him come back or stay away. Anyway, I'm a silly goose."

She went resolutely back to her desk and sat down before the pile of letters and manuscripts addressed to "Mr. Dunn."

Among them were a few letters for herself. She put these aside and tackled the manuscript first. After a couple of hours' reading she had two piles, one labeled "Rejected" and one labeled "Accepted." Between them was a long envelope.

"I'm not sure about that one," thought Helen. She reread the brief note accompanying the manuscript. "'Please wire if you do not find it available. I have a duplicate, and I think I can place it here.' Well," she added to herself, "I'll think about it while I read my own letters, and then I'll wire."

She began mechanically to read and file her own mail—recipes, fashion notes, inquiries and requests—the same kind of thing that came every day. Suddenly she stared as she hurriedly tore open an envelope bearing Mr. Dunn's handwriting.

"What can he be writing to me for. I must have made some absurd blunder about a story, but I don't see how he'd know yet."

As she read the letter her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"I have often thought of telling you," said the last paragraph, "but I always felt that it would be unfair to let you know, for of course I know that you regard me simply as a business associate, and I know also that you would not want to work with an editor you knew wanted to marry you. So you leave the Star, and I'd be alone.

"Something, that last night when I came to say 'goodby,' gave me an idea perhaps you did care, after all. Anyway I must know, and if you don't I can go west to a paper that has made me an offer out there.

"That's what I came here to see about. It may seem strange—I've waited so long, but now I'm impatient. Please wire me—just a word or two, so that I may know."

"Dear, stupid, dignified John!" smiled Helen to herself after she had read the letter through again. "Jimmie," she called—"please, Jimmie, come here. Do you think that you could send away any one who comes to see me in the next hour? You see, I—well, you see, I just don't want to be bothered. And, oh, Jimmie, please bring me two telegraph blanks."

"Sure, Miss Bradley," said Jimmie, good nature from the tip of his smudgy, freckled nose to the tips of his stubby boots.

Then Helen settled herself to the composition of two telegrams, and when in the course of three-quarters of an hour they were done she again called the faithful Jimmie.

"Here, Jimmie," she said. "I want these two telegrams sent right off. This one's to go to this man," and she handed him a slip of paper containing the name and address of the owner of the doubtful manuscript, "and this one's to Mr. Dunn." Then Helen put the doubtful manuscript in the pile labeled "Rejected."

The next day passed quickly, and in her excitement and happiness Helen's work piled up on her desk. When she tried to read proof she found herself absently counting the "J's" and "d's" instead of looking for missing words and misplaced letters. And she found it much easier to draw plans of visionary cottages surrounded by shadowy gardens than to dispose of the manuscript before her.

"I don't care," she thought as she heard the neighboring church bells chime out 5 o'clock. "I'll quiet down now and stay until 6 or so and finish everything up. Let me see—he must have got my telegram today, and tonight maybe he'll write, and I'll get his letter tomorrow, and then I can write again, and—oh!"

Helen stopped suddenly as the door opened. Breathless from running upstairs, mystification and uncertainty in his kind eyes, John Dunn burst into the room. Helen started impulsively toward him, but when she saw the look in his eyes she hesitated.

"Why—what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Helen—Miss Bradley," he said, "I came to see—I don't understand—your answer."

"Didn't you get my message—a telegram?" demanded Helen, as mystified in her turn as John.

John held a little slip of yellow paper out to her. "Cannot accept," it said. "Not enough human interest. Needs more personal appeal." Then Helen laughed as she gave the slip of paper in her hands to the still uncomprehending Sunday editor.

"Don't you see?" she said. "It's Jimmie. He sent you the wrong message. That's what you told me to say—it's for a man who sent in an article I didn't want. I'm afraid we'll have to take the consequences and patch up the story, for, you see, he's got your answer, and that says—'Accepted.' But, John"—Helen smiled up at him—"I shouldn't mind a little more personal appeal!"

The personal appeal was made then and there. Fortunately there was no one present to witness the fervor with which such an appeal should be made, so the fervor was forthcoming. John said afterward that he rolled off three or four columns of it, but his wife declares there wasn't more than a "stickful." Anyway the matter was settled satisfactorily to both parties, and they are now one happy couple.

SCARED THE OLD SAVAGE.

Ruse That Saved Dr. Felkin From King Mtesa of Uganda.

When the well known African traveler Dr. Robert Felkin was staying with the bloodthirsty King Mtesa of Uganda many years ago the king, out of gratitude for his visitor's medical treatment, wished to cut off his head. On Dr. Felkin representing that the treatment was not finished and that if interrupted it would cause Mtesa's death the latter granted him a reprieve until he was quite recovered. Then, however, nothing availed, and the execution was determined upon.

Emin Pasha, who was a friend of Dr. Felkin, had instructed him most accurately about the state of affairs in Uganda and the court of King Mtesa and had revealed to him an important state secret, namely, where Mtesa's powder store was hidden. Dr. Felkin remembered this at the right moment and as a last resort he [illegible] Mtesa killed him he would bring down a flash of lightning upon his powder store. Mtesa replied incredulously, "Tell me where it is," whereupon Dr. Felkin whispered in his ear, "It is concealed under your harem."

Mtesa turned pale and allowed Felkin and his companions to live. The "lightning maker's" authority increased when next day a flash of lightning happened to strike near the harem.

Fooled the Town.

University students have long enjoyed a reputation as practical jokers, but there has been nothing quite so successful as the famous sultan of Zanzibar hoax of some years ago at Cambridge. One day the mayor of the town received the following wire from one Henry Lucas, Hotel Cecil, London: "The sultan of Zanzibar will arrive at Cambridge at 4:27 for a short visit. Could you arrange to show him buildings of interest and send carriage?" The mayor rose to the occasion, and in due course four dark complexioned gentlemen with turbans and voluminous trousers arrived at Cambridge. The mayor and corporation entertained them right royally, but to their chagrin they discovered a few hours later that the interesting orientals were simply a quartet of undergraduates who had played an immense practical joke upon the town.—London Spectator.

For prices on woven wire fence see Means Bros.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

John D. Abbey, treasurer, in account with the road funds of the Township of Keating for the year 1909, ending March 1, 1910.

Dr.		
To amount of special road duplicate	$ 1632 01	
To received of F. A. Gallup, former treasurer	172 15	
To received of Christain Herzog, on overpaid judgment	82 63	
To received on unseated special	336 52	
To received of A. G. Farley, col. special	373 42	
To received of general road fund and applied on special	268 26	$2161 06
Cr.		
By paid York Bridge Co., judgment and interest and costs	$ 2118 55	
By paid National Bank interest	38 05	
By commission on $2456.55 at 2 per cent.	49 13	
By 5 per cent. allowed taxpayers on $873.60	43 68	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector	615 63	$3104 00
Dr.		
To amount of road duplicate per capita	$ 795 00	
To amount of work tax duplicate	808 95	
To amount received from N. C. Hyde	25	
To amount received from C. W. Stratton	4 04	
To amount received on bonds issued	4000 00	
To amount money borrowed of Grange Bank	1500 00	
To amount received of A. G. Farley, collector	[illegible]	
To amount received of county treasurer, unseated	560 80	$8187 27
Cr.		
By 5 per cent. allowed taxpayers on $176.00	$ 8 80	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector	564 00	
By 5 per cent. allowed taxpayers on $235.40	11 77	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector	327 85	
By order paid to M. S. Comes, supervisor	00 00	
By amount paid for work on road and bridge	903 16	
By amount paid for freight and material	1000 00	
By amount paid for stationery, printing & postage	65 00	
By paid C. W. Stratton, pathmaster, old order	100 00	
By paid C. W. Stratton, pathmaster, for 1909	320 00	
By paid N. C. Hyde, pathmaster for 1905	103 70	
By paid Alfred Peterson, pathmaster for 1909	213 00	
By paid on old bills	14 77	
By paid John Stratton, secretary, salary	100 00	
By paid John Stratton, supervisor's expenses	2 15	
By paid Auditors fees	42 00	
By paid Town Clerk	37 00	
By paid attorney salary $50.00, and Justice fees $1.00	51 00	
By paid A. R. Cory, ex-supervisor for meeting days (1909)	31 50	
By paid M. S. Comes, supervisor, meeting days, 1907-8-9	61 50	
By paid J. D. Abbey, supervisor, meeting days, 1909-10	[illegible]	
By paid J. H. Stratton, supervisor, meeting days, 1907-8-9	79 50	
By paid C. W. Curtis, supervisor, meeting days, 1909	27 00	
By paid Penn Bridge Company	1658 00	
By paid blacksmith bill	11 25	
By paid C. D. Comes for measuring road	50 00	
By paid Mrs. Schoonmaker for right of way and damages	25 00	
By amount paid special fund	568 26	
By commission on $5201.42 at 2 per cent.	104 00	
By amount deposited in Grange National Bank to balance	1337 58	$8187 27

A. G. Farley, collector of the Township of Keating, in account with the road funds of said township for the year 1908.

Dr.		
To balance due on 1908 duplicate	$ 1305 91	$1305 91
Cr.		
By exonerations on 1908 duplicate	$ 237 67	
By paid to J. D. Abbey, treasurer	766 36	
By commission on $766.36 at 4 per cent.	30 62	
By commission on $261.85 at 4 per cent.	10 00	
By amount paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer, to balance	305 47	$1305 91
Dr.		
To amount of duplicate, 1909, special	615 63	
To amount of duplicate, 1909, per capita	581 00	
To amount of duplicate, 1909, road, work tax	327 85	[illegible]
Cr.		
By paid J. D. Abbey, treasurer, on road special	$ 443 13	
By paid J. D. Abbey, treasurer, on road per capita	71 50	
By paid J. D. Abbey, treasurer, on road work tax	99 45	
By due township from A. G. Farley, collector, on 1909 duplicate, minus exonerations	1190 40	1507 48

M. S. Comes, J. H. Stratton and C. H. Curtis, supervisors of the Township of Keating, in account with the road funds of said township.

Dr.		
To amount of work road tax duplicate of 1909	$ 2587 90	$2587 90
Cr.		
By amount collected by J. D. Abbey, treasurer (1909)	$ 608 95	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector (1909)	327 85	
By amount worked out on duplicate (1909)	1651 19	$2587 90
Resources.		
By balance due from A. G. Farley, collector, on 1909 duplicate less exonerations	$ 1190 40	
By balance in Grange Bank	1337 58	
By amount turned over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	305 47	
By amount of liabilities excess of resources to balance	2778 28	$5611 73
Liabilities.		
To amount of outstanding orders	$ 111 73	
To amount due Grange National Bank	1500 00	
To amount of bonds issued	4000 00	$5611 73

We, the Auditors of the Township of Keating, having examined the accounts and vouchers of J. D. Abbey, treasurer, A. G. Farley, collector, M. S. Comes, J. H. Stratton and Charles Curtis, supervisors, respectively officers of said township, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 10th day of March, A. D. 1910.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
ALLAN OVIATT,
Auditors.

Attest:
M. S. COMES,
Secretary of Board of Supervisors.

YOUR EASTER OUTFIT.

We are Prepared to Supply From Hat to Hose—In the Best Taste and at Right Prices.

What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

$15 - $20 - $25.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

A large and fine assortment. We are offering a very special value in a Boy's Suit, with two pairs of trousers, at $5.00. These suits run from 6 to 17 years of age, and every one is worth $7.50 of anybody's money.

Neckwear Beauties for Easter Wear.

Rich shadings of pure silk and patterns galore, 25c to $1.00.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

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SECURES A BEAUTIFUL NEW

Well Constructed.
Special Mahogany Case Design.
Absolutely New.

Exceptional Tone and Wearing Quality.
Guaranteed Ten Years.

$350—GOETZMANN PIANO—$350

On View for Inspection in Our Retail Wareroom Window, 781 and 783 Main St., Buffalo

All bids as received will be deposited in a sealed box, which will be opened April 15th by the following committee of well-known and reliable citizens: H. Kemble, Buffalo Evening News; E. H. Deitzer, Buffalo Courier; F. McGrath, Buffalo Evening Times; Wm. G. Bryan, Buffalo Express.

They will decide who is the highest bidder. If two bids are received of the same amount the first received shall be declared the successful bidder. Terms arranged to suit you.

In making bid state if CASH or INSTALLMENTS. Anyone can bid as often as he wishes.

Fill out the coupon and address in sealed envelope to the GOETZMANN PIANO BID COMMITTEE, care of C. KURTZMANN & CO., 781 and 783 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Be sure to give your full name, address and postoffice. Investigate. Be convinced.

We will furnish any further information you may desire. Catalog fully describing this and other pianos on request.

We do this for advertising purposes because we want you and everyone to investigate GOETZMANN and the HOUSE OF KURTZMANN.

We guarantee absolute fairness. MAIL YOUR BID AT ONCE, AS FIRST RECEIVED FIRST SERVED. Railroad fares allowed out-of-town purchasers. Street cars from all depots stop at our door.

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Name ....
Address ....
Town ....
State ....
Cash or Payments ....

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SOLE AGENTS FOR
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Smethport, Pa.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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ATTY. AT LAW.
Grange Bank bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

M. E. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. H. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House,
Smethport, Penna.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
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DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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General Planing Mill Work
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Every Tuesday and Saturday
Or telephone 140 or 40f, when you are in need of some good fresh fruit and vegetables.
Fine line for Easter—Such as Strawberries, Cucumbers, celery, etc., we will always have reasonable truck.
Watch this Space Next Week, I Can Save you Money.
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